Week ending August 7 1954 Every Wednesday Fourpence

JOHN BULL

"MITSINARI": THE STARTLING EXPERIENCES OF A MISSIONARY AMONG THE CANNIBALS

The Man Who Turned Into A Bird

REPORTER UNCOVERS VITAL SECRET

Jimmy Malone was a good journalist but the News Editor would only give him routine jobs. He said Jimmy didn't have the 'personality' to handle interviews. But Jimmy discovered something that changed all that . . .

...JOE, COVER THE V.I.P. ANGLE, GET AN INTERVIEW. AND DONALD, GET A STORY FROM GAVA GARDENIA—SHE ARRIVES AT LONDON AIRPORT FROM HOLLYWOOD AT ONE O'CLOCK.
... AS USUAL, I GET THE DESK JOBS. WHAT'S WRONG WITH ME ANYWAY?
...IT'S NO GOOD JIMMY I CAN'T SEND YOU OUT ON THAT KIND OF STORY. YOU HAVEN'T GOT THE, UMM, WELL THE TACT TO HANDLE INTERVIEWS
TAKE A HINT, CHUM. REPORTING IS AN ACTIVE JOB. YOU'VE GOT TO STAY FRESH, PHYSICALLY AS WELL AS MENTALLY. YOU'VE GOT TO KEEP YOUR PERSONAL FRESHNESS ALL DAY LONG. IF I WERE YOU I'D ...
HE WAS RIGHT! LIFEBUOY TOILET SOAP IS THE THING! NEVER KNEW SOAP COULD GET RIGHT DOWN INTO THE PORES LIKE THIS. NO MORE B.O. FOR ME. FROM NOW ON I'VE GOT A DAILY DATE WITH LIFEBUOY TOILET SOAP...
PLEASE TELL YOUR EDITOR THAT I SHALL BE HAPPY TO GIVE YOUR PAPER THE EXCLUSIVE RIGHTS...
THANK YOU, MISS LEE. GOOD LUCK WITH YOUR NEW PLAY!
YOU DID A GREAT JOB ON THAT STORY, JIMMY. USUALLY SHE'S A VERY FINNICKY WOMAN TO DEAL WITH. CONGRATULATIONS!
THANKS FOR THE BONUS. THINKS... AND THANKS TO THE LIFEBUOY TOILET HINT.

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A *LEVER* PRODUCT

EDITORIAL

Mrs. Murphy sighs

WHEN dinner is over, Mrs. Eileen Murphy heaves the same sigh as every other housewife in Britain—a resigned sigh that means: "And now for the washing-up!"

Mrs. Murphy's sigh may be even more heartfelt than most, for she has a vision not only of the dishes on her dinner table, but of 18,615 plates, cups, saucers and pots. As home service officer of the Gas Council, she has worked out that this is the yearly total washed up in every household of four people—and it does not include cutlery.

Multiplied by the fifteen million people in Britain, this makes a total of nearly three hundred billion items.

THE Council for Scientific Management in the Home is now studying the domestic methods and preferences of seven hundred women. To nobody's surprise, it has discovered that washing-up is the most unpopular task.

MRS. EILEEN MURPHY
The grim total is 18,615

Is it not time that our scientific age did something about this dreary burden? It is true that already there are washing-up machines in existence, which clean, rinse and sterilize dishes after they have been scraped by hand. But they cost about £120.

At one time, housewives used to wash clothes in boilers and dolly-tubs, and wring them in great cumbersome mangles. Now, they use neat little electric machines which do the job in a fraction of the time.

IN the kitchen revolution, the next stage should be an efficient and complete washing-up machine as inexpensive as the cheapest clothes-washer—about £35.

Short of a machine, or of someone else to do the washing-up for us, all we can do is to make ourselves as efficient as possible.

The National Union of Houseworkers says that it should take between twenty and thirty minutes to clear, wash, stack and put away the crockery used by six people.

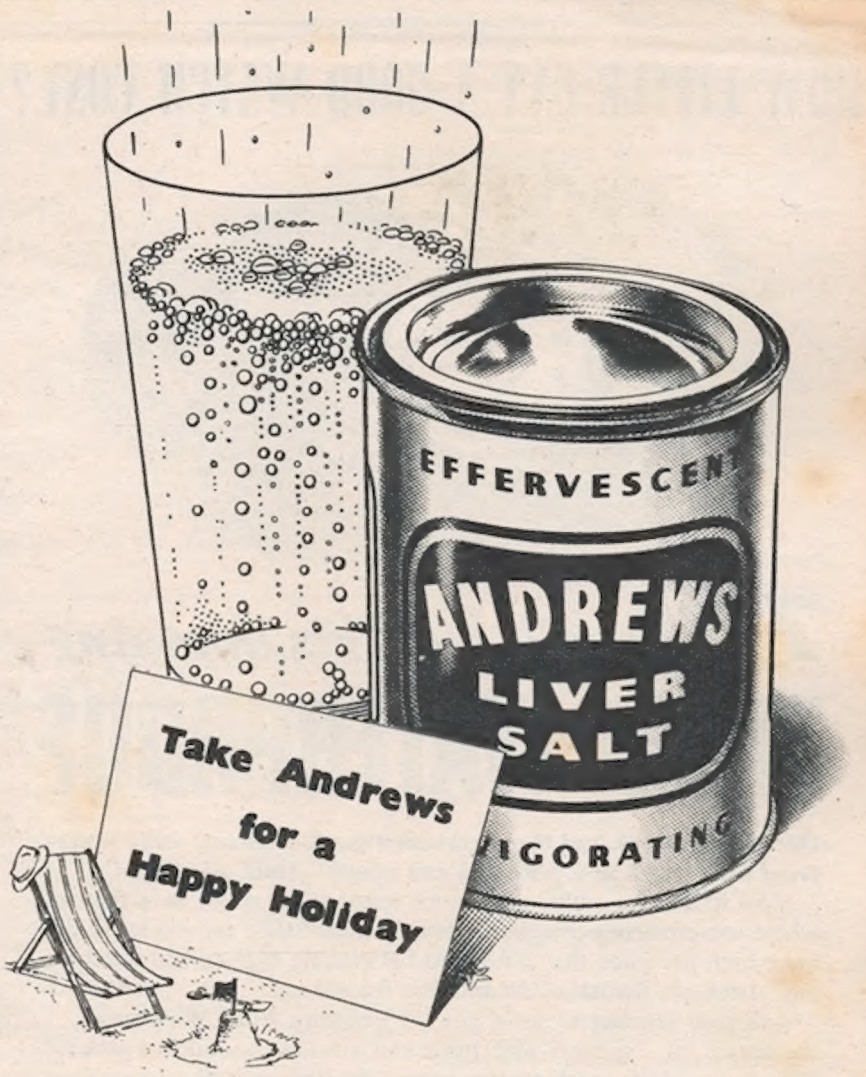
HOUSEWIVES who take longer may benefit from the advice of the Council for Scientific Management: Have two bowls, one filled with detergent, one with hot water, and two draining boards. Make an assembly line from the stacked dirty crockery through the bowls to a plate-rack. Do not dry with a cloth: it is unhygienic and it wastes time.

But perhaps the best hope for a release from a chore that everybody detests would be for the wives of our inventors and domestic engineers to make their husbands wash up after *every* meal.

Then they might, in self-defence, work out a way of making life easier for all housewives—and most husbands.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

LET's face it—not every Sea-view Hotel has a view of the sea, and not every proprietress stands on the steps to say: "Come again next year" to her departing guests. But Gerry Critchlow's family were lucky. Everything the brochure said was true; the cuisine *was* excellent, the beds *were* soft, and nobody minded about the seaweed the children left in the hall. And, to judge by the tanned faces, even the sun must have shone.



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Effervescent Andrews refreshes the mouth ; helps to clean the tongue ; soothes the stomach ; tones up the liver and gently clears the system of harmful impurities—thus promoting *Inner* Cleanliness.

½ lb. tin 1/8 · ½ lb. tin 2/7

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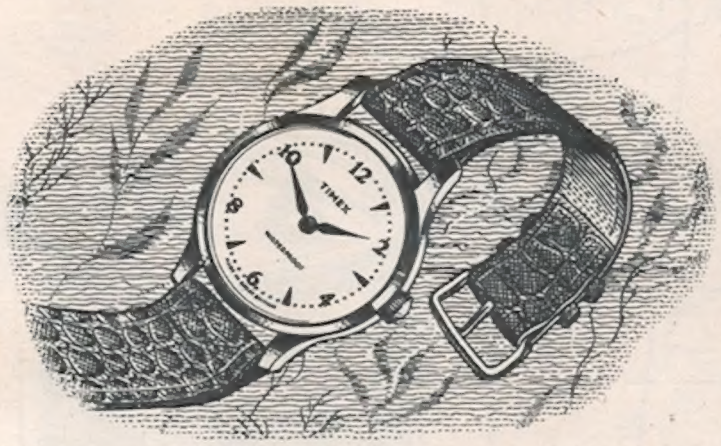

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Ask your jeweller to show you the amazing TIMEX Waterproof — the watch you can wear with pride and absolute confidence always! *This is the ideal watch for gardeners, anglers, and all who work or play out of doors.*

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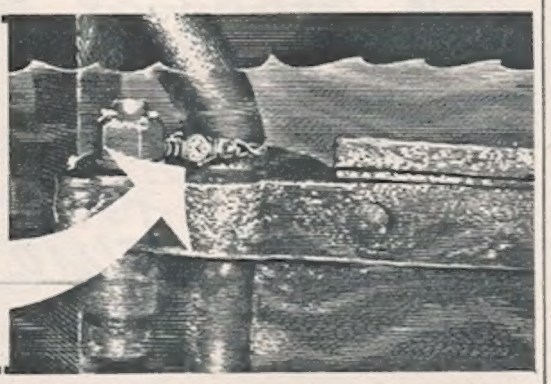
This TIMEX Waterproof was fixed for 24 hours to the rudder of a barge (belonging to *MESSRS. ARTHUR GUINNESS, SON & CO. (DUBLIN) LTD.*) on the River Liffey in Dublin. The watch was attached to the part of the rudder next to the screw —and was therefore *subjected to constant wash and pressure.* When the watch was removed, it was *completely waterproof*— and keeping perfect time.



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FREE SPEECH

Do high costs hit holiday fun?

MY husband and I were discussing this year's holiday, and we decided to revisit the south coast resort where we spent one of our happiest holidays before the war.

When I referred to my diary for 1939 to check the name of our hotel, I found a most interesting holiday budget. I still find it difficult to believe that prices have risen so much. This is what we spent:

Hotel, per week for two adults and two children, £11 15s. (today's terms, £29 8s.); rail fares £2 16s. 9d. (£4 14s. 1d.); two buckets and spades 1s. 8d. (6s.); beach ball 6d. (4s. 9d.); shrimp net 9d. (2s. 5d.); kite 1s. (5s.); three films 3s. (6s. 9d.); child's swimsuit 3s. 11d. (7s.).

I remember that deck-chair hire was twopence for four hours—it is fourpence or sixpence now—and it was only twopence to go on the pier. With donkey rides, ices and paddle-boat hire costing three times as much, it seems that rising prices have affected out of all proportion the things that children enjoy most.—MRS. J. BAKER, London, S.W.16.

Return Match

THE vigilance of income-tax men in pursuing minor offenders (JOHN BULL Editorial, July 10) is equalled by that of Customs and Excise officials. Our local football club, an amateur side, applied last year for exemption from entertainments duty. This amounted to only a few pounds, but could make the difference between profit and loss. It took six weeks of shuttlecock correspondence to get exemption. We were even asked whether, in the event of the club's dissolution, cash in hand would be given to a specified charity. We have just applied for a renewal of the exemption certificate, and the same palaver seems to be starting again. — L. G. WAMSLEY, Ferris Mead, Warminster, Wiltshire.

Holding The Baby

ONE thing never fails to surprise me when I visit England—the number of men to be seen wheeling prams. In Ireland a man will carry a child, or lend a hand in pushing the pram up a steep hill. But he will rarely

volunteer to take out the baby on his own. The bold fellow who does soon becomes the object of curious stares and supercilious smiles.—DONALD A. CLARK, Cherryvalley, Belfast.

Dutch Justice

UNDER Dutch law a man may not be dismissed without reason. Had the case of Ronald v. Sharp ("Consider Your Verdict," June 19) taken place in Holland, the verdict would have been very different. A Dutch worker who feels he has been dismissed without cause may appeal to a local bureau for reinstatement. Similarly, Dutch employers are obliged by law to give references to workers who leave. — J. A. VAN PESCH, Balsemienlaan, The Hague, Holland.

Cat Smuggler

A FRIEND of mine has a cat which gave birth to three kittens. All these died very quickly, and the cat was obviously distressed. When my friend came down to breakfast one morning he found the cat purring happily in her basket with three more kittens of about five days old. She must have known of another cat with a family and smuggled them away.—MRS. J. LATHAM, Queen's Road, Wimbledon, London, S.W.19.

Learner's Licence

OUTSIDE a motor-cycle shop this week I saw a youth with a new machine. He was equipped with a crash helmet and L plates, but he obviously knew nothing about the controls. A salesman started the motor cycle, explained how the gears were changed and what the different levers were for. The youth intended to ride through heavy London traffic experimenting with the machine until he became accustomed to it. I wonder that new regulations are not enforced to prevent young men like this being a menace to themselves and others.—LESLEY JACQUES, Corner Cottage, Creek Road, East Molesey, Surrey.

If he has a provisional licence and carries L plates, a solo motor cyclist need never take a driving test.

Magic Touch

SOME magicians base their tricks on the fact that most people react in the same way to certain circumstances. I tried one trick on my friends by placing two similar objects and a box of matches on a table. Asked to select one, eight out of ten people picked up the box of matches.—G. ERICSON, Windsor Way, Sandy, Bedfordshire.

The Deaf Ear

A FEW days ago I had all my teeth extracted. While I was recovering from the effects of gas, the dentist told me how to use a mouth wash. He had to repeat his instructions before I could understand them, but when I arrived home about an hour later I had completely forgotten what he had told me. I telephoned him later, and made a note, but I wondered why he had not given me

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

HOLLYWOOD'S MIRACLE MAN
by Keith Ellis

Props-man Herbert Plews makes trees grow in seconds, and helps Indian arrows to find their mark. "After all," he says proudly, "we're the biggest fakers in the world"

written instructions in the first place. I expect many people having an anaesthetic take some time to recover fully from its effects. — ROBERT BEVERIDGE, High Street, Kirkcaldy, Fife.

Gunpowder Plot

MY father was once a gamekeeper, and he treasured an old muzzle-loading gun. Before he went rabbit shooting one afternoon, my friends and I removed a charge from the gun and substituted the contents of a roman candle. We were interested spectators when, with a rabbit in the

sights, he pressed the trigger. His speed in dropping the gun reduced us almost to hysterics. A brilliant cascade of sparks was followed by an eruption of coloured balls of fire.—J. M. A., Bradford, Yorkshire.

Account Closed

MANY banks charge far too much for the transactions they make for depositors. I have recently transferred my deposits to the Post Office Savings Bank, which performs these services at less cost.—M. HEUSTON, Alexandra Grove, Finchley, London, N.12.

A depositor may give instructions for regular payments for house purchase, rent, insurance or subscriptions to be made from his Post Office savings account. These must be of a regular amount, payable not more frequently than once a month. A charge is made of fourpence for each payment.

Home Lessons

RECENTLY, I finished a teachers' training course during which we visited a school for blind, deaf and physically handicapped children.

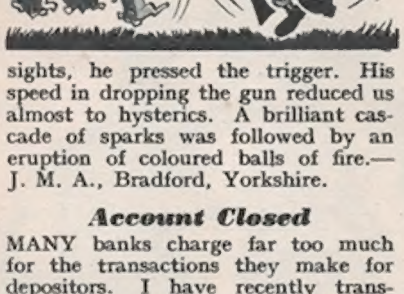
I also spent a month's practice teaching at a school which had among its pupils about fifty boys and girls, who, for various reasons, had been deprived of a normal home life.

There is not the slightest doubt that, despite his physical handicap, the blind, deaf or crippled child has a far greater chance of a happy, satisfying life than those who have seen home life break up around them. —MRS. S. DEARMAN, Tysea Hill, Stapleford Abbotts, Essex.

In The Family

IN the town of Celle, Germany, where I am stationed, a trumpeter plays a chorale at seven in the morning and again in the evening from the top of a two-hundred-foot church tower. When I took his photograph recently, he told me the story of this unusual custom.

In 1664, George William, Duke of Lüneburg and Celle, appointed a



trumpeter as a daily reminder to the townsfolk of the existence of their church and the need to worship. The appointment has been passed on from father to son, and the present trumpeter is already training his son to succeed him.—LT.-COL. LIONEL A. TEMPLE, Celle, Hanover.

John Bull pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech," and at the usual rates for photographs. Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to the John Bull Free Advice Service

there's always time for Nescafé

With Nescafé it's as easy to have *good* coffee outdoors as at home. Make it in your vacuum flask, or on the spot; all you need is a teaspoonful of Nescafé to each cup and piping-hot water. Then milk and sugar to taste.
Smell that roaster-freshness!
Taste that rich, full flavour!
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Most stained articles can be saved by prompt action. Ask at any Branch for **FREE** leaflet telling you how to deal with over 60 stains.

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A WORD OF ADVICE TO WOMEN
How to Keep Well and Beautiful

If a woman wants to keep well and retain her looks and complexion, she ought to be careful about the medicine she takes.

For one thing she needs something which is gentle and which, without any drastic purging, will clear away poisonous wastes from her system which often make the complexion muddy, ruin her looks and help to bring on Rheumatic troubles like Lumbago and Sciatica.

Then women are very liable to troubles like Sick Headaches, Bilious Attacks, Aches in the Back, Loss of Sleep, and so on.

That's why women ought to take Juno-Junipah. Juno-Junipah is different from ordinary salts. It contains pure oil of Juniper.

Just try Juno-Junipah! You'll be surprised how soon you begin to feel better and look better, too. Your aches and pains will be relieved, your complexion and looks will improve, and you'll look and feel years younger.

If you prefer, the Juno-Junipah formula has been adapted to make pleasant little tablets. Ask your chemist for them.

LET YOUR SCALP BREATHE . . .
ENCOURAGE YOUR HAIR TO LIVE

In keeping your hair and scalp healthy, Brylcreem's surface film of oil acts as a filter, which prevents micro-organisms from reaching down into the scalp. Massage with Brylcreem also frees the mouths of the follicles along which the hair grows, thus facilitating the normal flow of sebum, the scalp's natural oil. As a result, the hair is kept free from dandruff and dryness and the scalp has a chance to breathe—vitally important to the growth of strong, healthy hair. Ask for Brylcreem, the *healthy* hairdressing, in tubs 1/8, 2/6 and 4/6, or handy tubes 2/6.

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Men people look to–use

BRYLCREEM

Appearance counts for men at the centre of things—and appearance depends so much on smart, healthy hair. That's why men that people look to prefer Brylcreem, the perfect hairdressing. Brylcreem gives the clean, smart look—the lustrous, vital look that keeps a man perfectly set for the day. With massage, Brylcreem guards the health of hair and scalp, checks dryness, relieves dandruff. Use Brylcreem and ensure a smart appearance all day, every day.

for smart, healthy hair

Sylvia was looking at him. "I've never known an engineer who reads poetry," she mocked. "You must be a very . . . special engineer, Mr. Sellars"

The planter's lady

by ***DAVID BEATY***

His sweet memory of her, and the photograph—they alone kept him sane in this lonely hell-hole. And now, the photograph was gone

BEEKMAN put the brakes on far too hard. The station-wagon shuddered, skidded and stopped on the fringe of the wet red road. He said: "You can get the best view of the place from here, old chap." The thirteen single syllables clapped Sellars on the back with a sudden cheerful clang. "Thought you better see the other thing you're stuck with for the next six months. You've seen me."

There was a pause while he turned his face full round so that Sellars could see the grin on it.

"Might as well take a dekko at the estate as well. You'll see straightaway why Greenfinch is called Greenfingers."

With an effort, Sellars said, "I'd like to."

The train journey had been long and slow. There had followed this hundred-mile drive from Kajang along some of the world's worst roads, with Beekman's talk pouring down as relentlessly as the rain. And all the time, Sellars was thinking of Sylvia. He had done so ever since he had left Singapore.

The first time he had met Sylvia had been at the Lake Club. It was that same night that Greenfinch had suggested he come to stay with them. "You'd be better with us in the big bungalow than mooching around on your own in these bachelor quarters," he'd said.

Sellars had looked at Sylvia to see what she thought about it. She was holding her drink and looking at him steadily. "I've never known an engineer who reads poetry," she said, gently mocking. "You must be a very . . . special engineer, Mr. Sellars."

And two weeks later, in her room, cool and shaded from the Singapore afternoon sun, the wild yearning lips, so painfully sweet to remember, whispering, "Dick . . . oh, Dick, *darling*."

ILLUSTRATED BY CASWELL

Sellars became aware that Beekman was peering curiously at him. "I was just saying—shall we get out, old chap? Or are you too tired?"

"No, I'm all right."

"Look a bit flaked out to me."

Trying to keep the irritation out of his voice, Sellars said again, "I'm all right."

They got out of the car and started to walk through the long grass, watching warily for leeches.

Beekman was saying, "For weeks now . . . just the Tamil coolies. Makes you ache for a chum in the bungalow—someone to get sentimental with about Home, and girls, the

chaps that didn't get through. . . . You know."

"Must have been lonely," Sellars said.

Beekman was now smiling happily. "Not any more, old chap."

They stopped. "Well, there it is," Beekman said, waving his hand like a magician as the wet view came into sight.

Below them, the mountains rolled into a valley towards the galvanized iron walls of the factory, its red roof now watered down by the mist. The slopes bore a polka-dot pattern of regular green blobs. The damp tang of the tea bushes hung heavily. Very faintly, Sellars could hear the *chup-chup-chup* from the factory chimney.

Beekman was saying, "Seven years ago, everything you see was just jungle. They laughed at Greenfingers when he said he was going to grow tea here. Got the ground as a gift. Bought an old factory and equipment from a place in Kajong that the Japs had used. And now look at it!"

"Certainly done a marvellous job," Sellars said.

"He's the original miracle man, that's what he is. In his thirty years' planting, he's never been wrong. Rubber, cocoa beans, tea. Everything he plants gives the harvest he's calculated and expected."

As they walked back to the car, Sellars said, to keep up his end of the conversation, "They say in Singapore he'll be the next president of United Estates."

Beekman snorted loudly. "Damn well think so! He could do the job standing on his head."

The station-wagon sloshed on down the road to the bungalow. Beekman asked, "Well, how did you like the look of our estate?"

"Bit isolated, but certainly an opportunity for me."

Very gently, Beekman corrected him. "For both of us. Not many men of our age and experience get to be co-managers of an estate right away. Greenfingers has given us a hell of a break."

"Yes, but six months stuck out here on a limb—I'm not grumbling. But I think he might let us get away from the place more often."

Beekman sighed. "He reckons a chap has to get thoroughly settled in. You can see his reasoning. And this idea of his that you should manage the factory, while I control the actual growing . . . now that was wise. Keeps us nicely out of each other's hair." Then he gave a quick, friendly smile. "Not that there's a chance of that, old chap."

The brakes squealed once more under Beekman's heavy foot. They had reached the bungalow. Beekman got out to open the gates. In new white paint, *Chez-Nous* did not quite obliterate the *Chez-Moi* underneath it. "Pardon my French," Beekman said when he got back into the car. "Got the garden coolie to do that."

They drove on, past bushes laden with outsize grapefruit and limes, to the veranda steps. Beekman pointed out the uncoiled barbed wire round the lawn. "In case of Commies. Not that I've seen any. But we're near the border here. Couple of weeks ago, Greenfingers sent me up a snappy little machine-gun. Just as an extra safeguard, he said. I've called her Evangeline. You must meet her."

The bungalow was rather more spacious than Sellars had expected. There was a living-room covered in dark blue coco-matting. The cane-backed armchairs looked comfortable. The four servants together with the Tamil *apu* were lined up to greet him.

Over dinner that evening, he studied the loquacious Beekman again, across the linen cloth, the white lilies and the kerosene lamp. He *could* be wrong. First impressions were often deceptive. The patter of the boys' feet as they served the courses punctuated Beekman's endless flow of talk.

The sweet was a fresh fruit salad of plantains and oranges, pawpaw and pineapple. Sellars left most of it. But Beekman seemed to lap the stuff up. Over his second helping, he suddenly looked up and said, "Didn't you stay with the Greenfinches? Out at their bungalow in Singapore?"

Sellars nodded. "For a couple of months."

With a certain touch of pride, Beekman said, "So did I." His forget-me-not blue eyes peered at Sellars. "Suppose you got to know Sylvia pretty well?"

Warily, Sellars said, "Fairly well."

"Beautiful girl." Beekman heaved a sigh. "They make a grand couple, Sylvia and Greenfingers."

Sellars ventured a wooden-faced, "Bit young for him, of course."

Beekman considered for a moment, his spoonful of fruit in mid-air between the plate and his mouth. "Well . . . maybe," he said.

When the boys had cleared away the table and left them alone, Beekman produced the whisky and then fell unexpectedly silent.

Finally, he said diffidently, "By the way, old chap, the young women pluckers are not . . . averse. If you see what I mean."

"I don't think——" Sellars began, but Beekman cut him short. "Don't mind me—that's all I'm trying to say. I don't myself. That's because of a girl. One of those hopeless affairs, quite hopeless. But if you feel that way. . . ."

"I won't," Sellars said curtly.

With an air of relief, Beekman turned to other subjects: his public school, games, fishing, guns. Sellars was introduced to Evangeline. He turned the gun over and over without much interest. Then he said he felt tired. He'd go to bed. He'd sleep it off.

"Of course, old chap. Lots of time for a yarn."

Six months in fact, Sellars thought, back in the privacy of his room. He undressed slowly, and lay on his back under the mosquito net. He couldn't get out of his mind how wrong Greenfinch had been. "You'll get on with Beekman like a house on fire," he had said. It was odd. They were so very different.

He groped in the bag under his bed for Sylvia's photograph, his only contact with her for the next half-year, since letters, Sylvia had said, would be "dangerous." In the light thrown from the kitchen opposite, he looked at the soft flowing hair, the little smile round the lips. He could see the words in her handwriting: "*For my own poetical engineer.*" He was warmed, just looking at it. Somehow less lonely.

Feeling slightly irritated with himself for being so sentimental, he pushed it under his pillow. Through the open window blew in the sweet-sour tang of the tea. He went to sleep to a mixed lullaby of the rain on the roof and the *chup-chup-chup* of the factory chimney.

Next morning, the factory itself was a sore disappointment. The oil engine that supplied the power was ancient, the tea-rollers were worn and very noisy, and the driers used for firing the leaf weren't even semi-automatic. There were only two withering lofts, running the whole length of the building above the main factory on the ground floor, instead of the usual three. And as he said to Beekman, the ventilation looked as though it had been designed as a heating system.

Beekman said placidly, "You'll get used to it."

That was what Sellars was to hear more than anything. Beekman's invariable comment, his universal panacea: "You'll get used to it." The factory, the rain, the loneliness, the inevitable tinned beef and fruit salad, the *chup-chup-chup* from the chimney and the interminable tang of the tea.

On top of them all was Beekman himself. Beekman, he rapidly found, was impossible. He tried hard to get on with him, studying the man dispassionately, doing his best in his own way to understand him. He tried to listen patiently to Beekman's endless stories, the life-history that came pouring out with the whisky in the evenings. Everything about Beekman down to the earliest details of his upbringing he soon knew well. Everything except the girl that Beekman had mentioned that first evening. She never came into the conversation at all. Despite himself, he wondered about her.

One evening, when the whisky bottle beside them was almost dead, he asked Beekman point-blank, "You never mention the girl. You know, the hopeless affair."

Beekman compressed his lips tightly and hunched his big shoulders. With a slurred dignity he said, "There are some things a chap has to keep to himself."

"Of course. Only thought it might make things easier if you talked about her."

"Nice of you. Appreciate it. Bu —he seemed almost strangled, perhaps by the pain of it, perhaps by the suffocating aura of the whisky— "*I can't.*"

Sellars didn't press him. One less story he'd have to listen to, anyway. . . .

During the day, Sellars worked hard. "Far too hard," was Beekman's view. "Should take it easier." He was up before dawn every morning. He constructed a new ventilating system. He went all through the old engine very carefully, and he designed a scheme for making the final firing of the tea a little more automatic. On his daily routine, he inspected the withering lofts where the tea was laid out for twenty-four hours, serviced all the rollers, and conscientiously studied fermentation.

The work in some ways acted as the drug he meant it to; but it made him too tired eventually to be anything but just barely polite to Beekman when they met at meals and for the long evenings. Now he started to cut Beekman's yarns in two with a swift stroke of "You've told me that one before." He would go to bed early nearly every night.

"You're working too hard," Beekman would say over and over again as though to convince himself. "That's what's the matter with you, old chap."

Sellars's room became his sanctuary. When Beekman came in to borrow a stud or some shaving soap, he waited in an agony of impatience

ELSPETH HUXLEY

DAUGHTER of one of the early settlers in Kenya, Elspeth Huxley—well-known author, traveller and expert on East Africa—has written an important new novel about the Mau Mau terror. It is called . . .

A THING TO LOVE

The story is an intensely exciting one, and portrays with brilliant insight and understanding the impact of Mau Mau on the lives of ordinary men and women—both black and white. It will begin in JOHN BULL next week.

For further details, see page 14

"Get out—get out!" Yelling hysterically, Sellars lunged forward. Instantly, he found that his wrist was gripped hard in Beekman's massive fist

for him to go. Sometimes, on hot afternoons, he would come up sweating and dog-tired and throw himself on the bed, listening to the crows pecking round the pawpaws that hung like green udders under their little parasols of leaves. He would clench his hands, banging them uselessly against the stiff mattress under his body, stifled and irritated and lonely.

THERE was only Sylvia's photograph. The full lips seemed to change with the slightest alteration of his grey moods: encouraging him sometimes, laughing to cheer him up, sympathizing when depression fell too heavily on him.

Beekman became such an obsession that he started to take notes with attempted clinical detachment, as though he was a psychologist analysing the man's behaviour. Within six weeks, he had a full notebook of Beekman's peculiarities. They now hardly spoke to each other at meals. Beekman sometimes tried. He was very concerned. "Positive you're wearing yourself out. You never *did* look strong to me, old chap."

In the notebook he was referred to as J.B. John Beekman. "J.B.," Sellars wrote, "is a creature of habit. Does everything by the clock the whole damned day through. Drinks his first whisky at five thirty sharp, his last at midnight. Can't bear a meal to be late. Is as tidy as a woman. Reads one book a week (usually a thriller). Attractive to women, I should think, but just because he's a big and somehow earthy hunk of a man."

And another time: "He has a way of hunching his shoulders and half-closing his eyes that makes him look like a mammoth tortoise. His nostrils are the best sign of any emotion he's feeling. Big enough at the best of times, he widens them still farther when (*a*) he's angry; (*b*) he's pleased. He really wants the Communists to come, so he can show what a good shot he is. Before dinner, he's taken to going into the garden with that wretched Evangeline and shooting the buzzards that swarm in the jungle behind the bungalow. He fires a burst of fifteen shots. Always fifteen. I count them every evening. 'Keeps the buzzards down. And lets the Commies know we've got a machine gun,' he says. 'Kills two birds with one stone.'"

But the obsessive irritation turned to something far more bitter when things started to go wrong with the tea-making.

It began one Thursday lunchtime, after the weekly mail had arrived. There was a letter from Greenfinch.

It was a nice chatty letter for a general manager to write to two of his most junior subordinates. In a way that was mostly kidding, with the slightest lace of a gentle rebuke, he told them that their last lot of tea could hardly find a buyer at the Singapore auction.

Beekman said sorrowfully, "I wish you'd try natural withering, old chap. All this artificial heat you're applying, it's not doing the tea any good."

Sellars snapped back at him, "Can't naturally wither. The air here's too saturated. Won't absorb any more moisture. And the factory seems to be in the wrong place. Doesn't get any wind."

"Are you suggesting Greenfingers made a boner with his choice of factory site, old chap?"

"I'm saying it's not in the best position. But the real reason for the poor quality—I'll tell you what *that* is. It's those damned laurel leaves you're passing off to me as tea!"

BEEKMAN'S nostrils extended. "I don't say the leaf I produce is first-class. Greenfingers told me he doesn't expect this estate to produce high-quality teas. That's why he cut the nitrogen and manuring allowances just before you came up. All he wants is a good plain cheap tea."

"He's lucky to get anything that resembles tea! The stuff your coolies bring for the weighing-in is bad enough. But your *kanganies* don't supervise them properly. They stuff the leaves hard down into their baskets to save them a

Continued on page 31

Dick Case gives lessons in break-neck speed

by JOHN ENNIS

"Run over the other man, kill him—but you must beat him," is his advice to his speedway pupils. And he can pick a winner from the sound of his engine

A YOUNG FARMWORKER who hoped to become a speedway rider was practising on the cinder track at Rye House, Hoddesdon, Hertfordshire, one day in the summer of 1951, when his instructor, Dick Case, signalled him to stop. "I can hear you shutting off the engine on the far bend," said Case. "Now try it flat out."

The learner tried again, but Case still felt that he was going too slow. Impatiently he took over the machine. He had not ridden a motor cycle for some months, the track was dry and slick, and he was wearing a new pair of light-coloured slacks and a silk shirt. He twisted open the throttle and sped into the bend.

"The bike was faster than I expected," Case recalls. "The back wheel slid away from me. I could have laid it down, as I have done thousands of times, but I didn't want to dirty my clothes." Instead he jerked the machine upright out of its slide, the back wheel gripped in the dusty cinders, and Case drove head-on into the corrugated iron fence that surrounds the track. "Bits of skin were scraped off every part of me, and there was not enough left of my slacks to make a pair of shorts. When the farmboy came running up, I told him: 'That's how not to do it!'"

Young Men Test Their Skill

Seventeen stitches were needed to patch up his wounds, and since that occasion Case, a hearty, forty-five year old Australian, has confined his instruction to helpful hints from the sidelines. "This is a youngster's game," he says. "The best age to begin is fifteen."

In the seventeen years since Case opened his speedway school, hundreds of hopeful young men have tested their skill on powerful lightweight motor cycles at the Rye House track. For the use of the track for a day, Case charges £1, out of which he pays 6s. 9d. to insure the rider against injury or death. Recently, Case read through a list of the names of the 216 riders who are members of the twenty-seven speedway teams in Britain, marking those who had begun their racing at Rye House; there were fifty-five.

"I advise most of the men who come here to go home and give up the idea of racing," says Case. "Only one in a hundred will ever be good enough to earn money at the game."

Some arrive with their mothers, who implore Case not to let their boys hurt themselves. One day an Englishman who had been bullfighting in Spain went out on the track, opened the throttle, and somersaulted over the handlebars. As he returned to consciousness he looked up

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Novices learn that winning is what matters to Case. When he was a star, his motto was: All friendship ceases—until after the race

"Take the bends flat out," is Case's advice. He does his teaching from the sidelines now. The last time he gave a practical demonstration, he crashed headlong into the iron fence round the track

at Hume Simmons, Case's assistant, who was helping to pick him up, and said: "Pedro, that bull was terrific." Recently a soberly dressed, thirty-two year old solicitor presented himself to Case as a learner. "Go home and don't be an idiot," Case told him.

"He was an escapist," says Case. "The world is full of escapists. Even good speedway riders want to be something else." In the 1930s, when Case was a star speedway rider, his own ambition was to earn big money as a speedway promoter. He put on race meetings in Germany, France and Scandinavia, and lost money each time. He rode in the 1933 Nürnberg Rally and was disgusted to receive, instead of cash, a laurel wreath. A few days later two of his friends, who had been racing in Sweden, complained that they had earned only £40 between them.

"Never mind, boys," Case sympathized, "we'll split our earnings three ways." The others quickly agreed, and Case threw his laurel wreath into the kitty.

Winner Kept Borrowed Cup

When Case was captain of the team at Hackney Wick, he put £100 into an effort to introduce speedway racing to Cardiff. Convinced that either he or one of his associates in the venture —all star riders—would win, he borrowed a gold cup, worth £300, from its glass case at Hackney Wick. The cup belonged to the Hackney greyhound track, and Case took it without permission; he intended to return it after making a ceremony of presenting it to the winning rider to impress the Cardiff crowd.

His plan went wrong. The cup was won by a rider with no financial interest in the meeting, a hefty Yorkshireman, and when Case asked him to give it back he replied that his wife wanted the cup to put on the sideboard.

"We never let him out of sight," says Case. "For hours he held the cup under his arm. At last he put it down for a minute, and I grabbed it and drove straight back to London."

When they first arrive at his speedway school, Case pays little attention to newcomers, simply allowing them to ride round and feel their way. When he notices one going fairly fast—what he calls "winding it up"—he takes the rider on one side and tells him what he is doing wrong. Recently, he told off one youngster for finishing last in a race. "I fell off," said the novice.

"Listen, boy," said Case. "When I see you fall off and the other three blokes run over you, then there'll be some excuse, because I'll know you were in front when you fell off."

Case believes in riding to win, and he is fond of quoting what Baron de Coubertin said of the Olympic Games: "The important thing is not winning, but taking part," as the exact opposite of his own view. "Too many lads these days have the 'after you, Claude' attitude," he complains. "I tell them that when I was racing, I used to say to my opponents as we walked to the starting line: 'Gentlemen, this is where all friendship ceases —until after the race.'

"Run over the other man, kill him, but you must beat him. The crowds used to throw bottles at me at some tracks. I was known as Dirty Dick from Hackney Wick."

Many a race, Case believes, can be won by psychological warfare waged in advance. "I used to get the other riders talking about golf. I knew I could take it easy against those who boasted they had played three rounds earlier in the day. They had walked nine miles while I was lying in bed." Often he would convince the others that the track was dangerous, or complain of a headache and ask for aspirins before the race. "Then, *crash*, out of the starting gate and I was gone, while they were still feeling sorry for poor old Dick."

He tells his pupils that winning is not a question of going fast, but of keeping the other three riders behind. "Never leave a gap," he says. Two advanced novices took him too literally when they were practising riding as team partners a few weeks ago. "Concentrating on riding side by side, they went slower and slower," says Case. "The man behind rode straight between them. They reacted by trying, too late, to close the gap. They closed it so well that they bumped into each other. Luckily they were going so slowly that they couldn't have fallen off."

Case first heard of Rye House one Sunday morning in 1937 when, after a week of losing one race after another, he went to the Hackney track to overhaul his engine. Unable to find his machine in the pits, he asked the doorkeeper where it was. "Try Rye House," he was told. At a grass track meeting in a field near the Rye House Hotel, he found his machine being ridden by a mechanic.

"The bike was being worn out, which explained my lost races," he says. "But I liked this place so much that I bought it a few months afterwards."

Case retired from racing, but a year later he agreed to ride for Wembley, who were short of a rider. "I told myself I was a businessman now, and I decided not to take chances. My caution led to my worst accident."

Slid Along The Wet Track

He was riding for the Wembley team at West Ham. The track was slippery after heavy rain, and instead of trying to tear away in front in his usual style, Case sat in behind his partner. Suddenly his partner's front wheel slid from under him, and he fell. Case threw his machine to the ground to avoid the other man.

"I slid along the wet track. My chest hit his back wheel, still turning under power, and it spun me into the air. I landed on top of the next rider as he was passing." Case spent several weeks on his back with a fractured chest-bone and a lung punctured by a broken rib. In previous crashes he had broken his back and fractured his skull, but he swears his injuries have left no after-effects. "I get a backache now and again, but that's just old age creeping up, I reckon."

Case speaks in the drawling accents of Queensland, where he was born in 1909. He began racing at the age of fifteen on a dirt track at Brisbane, a hundred miles from his home. "I used to ride there, fall off at the first bend, and go home without earning enough for my supper."

"Had A Go"—And Crashed

Across the bridge of his nose and under his right eye he carries blue scars such as are often seen on miners. The scars were left by cinders after a crash in a race for a cup presented at Toowoomba, by the late King George VI when, as Duke of York, he toured Australia in 1927. Case was eighteen, and it was this crash that fractured his skull. "I was practically scalped, too. I couldn't afford a crash helmet, so I was wearing my cap stuffed with grass." Three years later he worked his passage to Britain—"I painted the ship to get here."

He finds that standing on the sidelines has its dangers, too. Some time ago he was discussing the shortage of good new riders with Alec Jackson, Wembley Speedway's talent spotter. In disgust they turned their backs on the novices slowly circling the Rye House track. "Not one of them will turn it on and have a go," said Case. As he spoke, one rider did "turn it on." He crashed into the fence between Case and Jackson.

Case need not be watching to know if a rider is good. One day he was lying in bed when he heard the sound of a motor cycle being ridden on the track. "I lay waiting to hear him shut off for the bends. Instead, I heard the continuous sound of his engine. I knew we had a good one there." He found it was Split Waterman, who has become one of speedway's greatest stars.

Case hires out boats and runs sideshows in order to show a profit on Rye House, for his activities as a teacher of speedway riders can be expensive. Recently, a newcomer paid his £1 and ran into the fence on his first lap.

"He did £67 worth of damage," says Case, "and he asked for a rebate on his £1 because he had only had a short ride." THE END

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAWRENCE HANLEY

An eccentric cricket match, a man wanted for murder, a midnight burglary—each played a part in the fantastic affair of . . .

RAFFLES AND THE GOLDEN NYMPHS

by BARRY PEROWNE

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN PHILLIPS

THE TELEGRAM READ: "A. J. RAFFLES ALBANY PICCADILLY. COULD YOU POSSIBLY FILL GAP OUR TEAM AGAINST THE DENMANS ON EIGHTH AND NINTH AT FALLOAK? WIRE URGENT. JOHN FURNEY."

Attached to the telegram was a note from Raffles:

"Bunny, this'll be the strangest country house cricket match ever played. I've scratched from the county match at Lord's and wired Furney, accepting, and saying I'm bringing you down with me in case a scorer should be needed. Meet me Waterloo 10.15 tomorrow morning."

I had found the note and the telegram in an envelope lying on the doormat when I had returned to my flat in Mount Street late the night before from a somewhat convivial dinner party. This morning I re-read them for about the twentieth time as my hansom, with the horse at a brisk clip-clop, threaded its way through the procession of brewers' drays and crowded two-horse buses lumbering across Waterloo Bridge.

With a very uneasy feeling, I tucked the note and telegram back into the pocket of my light flannel suit and tilted my boater farther forward over my eyes against the dazzle of mid-summer sunshine reflected from the wide river. My head was tender from my overnight potations, and children's voices rising shrilly from the awninged deck of a Margate-bound pleasure steamer, and an ear-splitting steam whistle from a tug thrusting upstream with a tow of barges did nothing to improve matters.

I cursed Raffles for having involved me, without a by-your-leave, in this damnable cricket match between the West Country neighbours, the Furneys and the Denmans.

To me, it was incredible that the match was to be played at all.

Raffles and I had been at school with some of the Furney boys. Both they and the Denmans were very old families. They farmed their land, hunted, played cricket with an enthusiasm approaching obsession, and begot sons.

In this latter respect, old Matthew Furney, Esq., of Falloak, and old Nevil Denman, Esq., of Knightswade, the present heads of the families, were exceptionally prolific.

Though no great cricketer myself, a glum fact from which my nickname derived, I could easily imagine the view Raffles would have taken of the Furneys' invitation. "I've had most kinds of cricket experience in a misspent life," he would have pointed out to me, "but I've never yet filled the one vacancy in a side composed of a father and nine sons, in a match against a side composed of a father and ten sons!"

The attraction which this match would have for him did not end there. I thought grimly of the reason that existed for the single vacancy on the Furney side.

The date for the match had been set many years before when Matthew Furney and Nevil Denman, then in their prime, had been close cronies and, having each already a fair brood of sons, friendly rivals in fatherhood. They had set the date for the match arbitrarily, as one by which each was confident that he would be able to fulfil a long-standing ambition and lead on to the cricket field a team composed entirely of his own sons. So sure of themselves were they that they even had tossed to decide which of their grounds the match was to be played on.

From the Furneys, who had been at school with us—John, for instance, who had sent Raffles the telegram—I long had known of the fixture. It had been the talk of the sporting West Country for years. Heavy bets had been laid on the outcome. But, just three years ago, Fate had taken a hand in the game.

One of the Furney sons—Dennis, aged twenty at the time—had got into the mother-and-father of a fight with one of the Denman sons, Bob, of the same age, and his inseparable friend. What the row had been about nobody ever had learned; but the scene of the fight had been a cliff near their respective homes, and the struggle had ended in Dennis throwing Bob over the cliff edge.

Though there had been one or two yachts winking their sails out at sea on that blue summer day, they had been too far off to see what had happened, and the only witness had been an old shepherd scything thistles on a nearby hillside. By the time he had been able to reach the scene with help, Bob Denman had vanished for ever, drowned, and Dennis Furney had taken to his heels.

DENNIS had remained a fugitive, uncaught and unheard of from that day to this, when I sat in the hansom bound for Waterloo Station and heard the deep note of Big Ben boom the first stroke of ten across the sun-bright river.

I could not understand why, now that the date arranged for the match so long ago had rolled round at last—tomorrow was the day—the game actually was to be played. For the tragedy had hit both families bitter hard; I had been told that there had been no communication between them from the day it had happened.

I gripped Raffles by the shoulder. The inspector

Moreover, there seemed no longer any point in the match. For though each father had achieved in all eleven children, and with Bob Denman dead and Dennis Furney a fugitive, each had lost one, there remained a disequilibrium between them. For old Denman's children were all sons, so that he still could lead a full team on to the field tomorrow; but old Furney could not, for one of his children was a daughter. Hence the vacancy in the Furney side, and the co-opting of A. J. Raffles.

"Miss this, Bunny?" I could hear Raffles's voice as clearly as if he had been in the hansom with me. "Not on your life! Here cricket and crime, the two pursuits which have given me my keenest sensations in life, overlap in a unique way. How will it *feel*, I wonder, to turn out, in so strange a match as this, in the shoes, figuratively speaking, of a wanted murderer?"

The hansom swung to the right, into Waterloo Station, and the horse's hoofs, sounding suddenly hollow under the domed roof, clip-clopped to a standstill.

I spotted Raffles at once. He was standing near the departure platform talking to a girl. As I approached, carrying my gladstone bag, I glanced curiously at her attractive profile, her soft hair in which the sunshine, mellowed by the grimed glass roof, brought out gold-dust lights. I liked her little straw hat and simple travelling costume.

Raffles glanced round and saw me. "Ah, here

was staring past Sergeant Ellis on to the field; his voice was thick with excitement. "It's him, I tell you! Dennis Furney—wanted for murder!"

he is!" he said. "Mr. Extras himself!" Hatless, his hair dark and crisp, his keen face tanned, he was casual in a summer suit, with an M.C.C. tie. His green-baize cricket bag, stuck over with old labels, lay at his feet. Putting a friendly hand on my shoulder, he presented me to the girl.

"Bunny Manders, our volunteer scorer. Bunny, Miss Jane Furney."

I HAD not dreamed of meeting here at Waterloo this one girl in the Furney family. Unprepared, I was embarrassed by the thought of the violent episode in her background, and I felt myself flush as I met her vividly blue eyes and the clasp of her small, firm hand. I could have kicked myself.

Raffles, in his easy way, came to my rescue. "Shall we find our seats?" he said. "I fancy I see the guard unfurling his little banner." He shifted the magazines under his arm, took up his cricket bag. "A pleasant surprise, meeting Miss Jane here, Bunny. She's been spending a few weeks in London, but is going home for the match. She's kindly invited us to share her compartment."

Cupping a hand under her arm, he moved off with her along the platform. I followed, and still feeling embarrassed and uneasy, stood waiting as Raffles settled her in a corner seat of a first-class compartment. Her labelled suitcase already was in the rack, and a man in tweeds and dusty boots, with rough, sandy hair and a beard sat reading a newspaper in the far corner.

"Right-o, Bunny," Raffles said, turning to me, "pass in our gear, now."

I handed him the gladstone and the cricket bag, but at that moment, as he stood there in the doorway, his grey eyes hardened to a sudden intentness. I followed his glance to two burly, dignified men in blue serge suits and hard hats who walked past us and got into the train two compartments farther forward.

Raffles took the bags from me. "Know 'em, Bunny?" he said softly.

I shook my head.

"Yard men," he said softly. "Inspector Kortright, Sergeant Ellis."

My mouth went dry.

"Food for thought," Raffles murmured.

It was indeed, and as the train, with ponderous reverberations under the station roof, steamed out into the full glare of the morning sun, I fervently wished myself elsewhere. I sat beside Raffles, who had the corner facing the girl. At first, he tried to make conversation, but Jane Furney was unresponsive. She seemed preoccupied and troubled, and I was in no better case. I was thinking about the detectives.

Raffles, after a while, gave us both up as a bad job and began to turn the pages of one of his magazines. Jane gazed from the window, and so did I. The countryside, basking under a visible heat shimmer, fled smoothly by. Cows at their placid cuds swished their tails in the shade of great oaks and the hedges were pink with the wild rose.

I drew no sense of peace from the scene. I could not shake off the creeping dread that in one of our felonious exploits of late we might have made some slip, and that the presence of the detectives on the train was due to the fact that we were suspected, at last, of being the cracksmen we were.

Raffles, laying down his magazine, broke a long silence. "By the way, Miss Jane," he said, "it's just dawned upon me that Bunny and I have been remiss. Am I mistaken in thinking that congratulations are in order?"

She turned her gaze from the window. "Congratulations?"

HE motioned to the magazine on his knee. It lay open at a full-page photograph of an imposing mansion, with a smaller photograph, inset, of a middle-aged man with a narrow, stern face and tight lips. The caption read:

A STATELY HOME. *Houndsdown Hall, situate between the picturesque West Country villages of Falloak and Knightswade, is the seat of Sir Gregory Markis, Bart. Sir Gregory is a distinguished connoisseur and collector. For his six gold coins of ancient Syracuse, bearing the likeness of Arethusa, Nymph of the Springs, numismatists all over the world have vainly offered record sums.*

"Surely," said Raffles, "it must be nearly a

ELSPETH HUXLEY'S COMPELLING NEW NOVEL OF THE MAU MAU TERROR

NEXT WEEK JOHN BULL begins publication of an important new novel, a moving and penetrating story of Mau Mau and the people involved in it—the victims of the terror, the men who fight it, the terrorists themselves. The novel is called . . .

A THING TO LOVE

THE AUTHOR, Elspeth Huxley, daughter of Kenya settlers, has known the Kikuyu people, from whom Mau Mau sprung, since childhood. She now lives in England, but recently returned to the colony, visited trouble spots, watched the hunting down of a terrorist gang and, in prison compounds, talked to a number of captured Mau Mau.

THE TITLE is taken from two lines of a poem by G. K. Chesterton:

"And death and hate and hell declare
That men have found a thing to love."

"In the context of the book," Mrs. Huxley explains, "the 'thing to love' is different for each person; each chooses his own god, his own ideal, good or evil. In the fierce and bitter struggle, each comes to realize his own vision more clearly and to deepen his own attachment to it."

THE MAIN CHARACTERS are Patricia Foxley, a settler's daughter, an idealistic girl who is a teacher at a native school; Sam Gibson, a young Kenya farmer and forthright individualist; and Gitau, an educated Kikuyu and member of the Council of Nine—instigators of Mau Mau. All three meet on a plane returning to Kenya from England. But only Gitau can guess at the approaching trouble, and what it will mean to each of them. . . . Watch out for the first part of *A Thing To Love* which appears...

Sam Gibson and Pat Foxley—one of Laurent's fine illustrations to the serial

NEXT WEEK IN JOHN BULL

year, now, since I saw the announcement of your engagement to young Walter Markis? I know Walter slightly, a good all-round sportsman—sailing, cricket. To tell the truth, I'm rather wondering why he wasn't preferred to me for this match tomorrow, he being a neighbour of yours and—almost one of the family," he added, smiling.

"He wasn't asked," she said. "I broke off the engagement months ago." Impulsively, she added: "Oh, it was all my fault! I ought never to have got engaged. I——" She checked herself. She looked down for a moment at her hands, clasped tightly in her lap. Then, looking up, she said simply: "You're friends of my brothers. I can tell you. I shan't ever marry. I loved Bob Denman. I thought I could forget him. I tried. I got engaged to Walter, but it wasn't any good. If you'd known Bob——" Her lips trembled. She turned her head abruptly and looked from the window.

The metallic pounding of the train wheels seemed to me to grow louder, to fill the hot little compartment. I never had dreamed of this poignant twist in the story of the Furneys and the Denmans—that she had loved the boy her brother had killed.

I met Raffles's eyes. I could see he was as shocked as I was. He took a Sullivan from his case, but, instead of lighting the cigarette, sat turning it over and over between his fingers.

At last, in a troubled voice, he said: "Miss Jane, do you think it wise to go home for this match? Surely it will be very painful for you. In a few minutes the train has a halt. Wouldn't it, perhaps, be better to leave it and return to London—until the match is all over?"

"I can't," she said. "As friends of my brothers, surely you can understand? Old Mr. Denman sent a note to Father—and let the whole countryside know he'd sent it—saying he expected the fixture to be kept. It's his revenge, don't you see? In spite of the loss of Bob, he still can lead ten sons on to the field. Father can't, because Dennis is a fugitive, heaven knows where, who dare not show his face. With all our neighbours there, from miles around, his absence, with everyone knowing the reason for it, will be a glaring thing—a terrible thing for my father and brothers." She looked from Raffles to me. "Can't you imagine what they will be feeling? Yet how cowardly and despicable it would be if they didn't keep the fixture! They've no choice. And neither have I. I must be there, to go through it with them, to share it. I must! I love them all."

The rustle of a newspaper drew my glance, startled, to the man in the far corner, on Jane's side. He had been so silent, for so long, that I had forgotten his presence; probably we all had. His heavy tweeds and dusty boots, his rough, sandy hair, his beard, had given me somehow the impression of a middle-aged man; but I saw now that, despite the deep lines in his sunburned forehead, he was young. His eyes, as vividly blue as Jane's own, were fixed on her. He passed his tongue along his bearded lips, and I heard the strain in his voice. "All of them, Janie?" he said. "All but me? Dennis?"

She sat as still, gazing at him, as if death had touched her. The colour drained from her face.

DENNIS FURNEY gestured towards her suitcase in the rack. "I noticed the label as I walked along the platform. So I got in here. I didn't know there'd be anyone with you."

There might not have been anyone with them for all their awareness of us as they looked at each other across a gulf of three years. The train rattled noisily, but the girl did not stir.

"Janie, I couldn't have saved him," Dennis Furney said. "I couldn't, even if I'd climbed down the cliff after him. But I wish I'd tried, instead of losing my head and bolting. I didn't know how you felt about him, Janie. I didn't know that. D'you see?" He looked at her desperately, but she did not move or speak to him. And he said, in a low voice: "How you must hate me. . . ."

Suddenly he turned on us.

"Raffles!" he said. "What could I do? You see that I've come back. I had to. I was thousands of miles away—in Queensland—but I kept thinking about this damned match, wondering what would happen, what it would mean for them, Father and the rest of them. I started drifting back. I hardly knew why. Only, the nearer the date of the match drew, the nearer I drew to England. Somehow I couldn't seem to help myself. I was in Calais the night before last. I sat in a café, drinking red wine. I thought of England just across the water, and I tell you I could feel the damned rope round my neck. But finally I thought: let Father lead ten sons on to the field just once in his life, if it means so much to him! Let him lead us on to the field, and hand me straight over there, himself, to old Denman, and let old Denman shout for the police, and there'll be an end to it!"

He appealed to the girl.

"See what I mean, Janie?" he said. "End the whole miserable business, clear up the mess and bitterness and uncertainty for you all—that was my idea. Only, Janie—don't hate me too much. I didn't mean to kill him."

At last, she moved. She put out both her hands to her brother, and her voice was kind. "Poor Dennis," she said.

I felt Raffles's fingers bite into my arm. He jerked his head at the door, and I awoke to the realization that the train was standing in a station. Never had I felt such relief. I had not known where to look. I ducked out of the train after him. Sunshine over banks of flowers, spelling out the name of the station in a border of whitewashed stones, dazzled my eyes. Along the platform, milk churns were clanging. A

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MITSINARI(2)

by André Dupeyrat

Witchcraft that changed a man into a cassowary bird—we laughed at the natives' belief. Then, suddenly, we heard the drumming of the bird's massive feet. It was coming straight towards us

The man who turned into a bird

MY ACCEPTANCE by Golopouï and his tribe of cannibals had certainly been touch-and-go. Yet, by means of a a tiny mirror I had produced for their amusement, the warriors' flying arrows and awesome war cries had been transformed into a chant of welcome. Golopouï, the chief, had delivered a speech—not a word of which I understood—and then had feasted me with pig. Now, having "adopted" me, he ordered that a hut be built for my use, mid-way between the nearby forest and the fence which surrounded the village.

The hut was far from luxurious: branches were stuck in the earth to form a roof, and the flooring consisted of the leaves of the wild banana tree laid straight on the damp soil. My bed was four branches forming a rectangle, between which I had had flat lianas plaited into a sort of mattress. A blanket was my only bedding. There was no other furniture. The packs containing my clothes and food, and the bag with the vestments and vessels for performing mass, hung from branches in the roof.

My journey to this village, which lay in an almost unexplored region in the central mountains of Papua, was the climax of my many years in New Guinea as a *mitsinari* (missionary). Golopouï and his tribe were savage pagans—men to whom the eating of human flesh and the slaughter of babies and old people were perfectly normal occurrences. My duty was to live among them, and pave the way for the establishment of a mission station. But before a missionary centre could be set up, they had to get used to me, first as a white man, and secondly as the messenger of God. Up to that time they had not the vaguest conception of either; nor of God Himself, for that matter.

I had to learn their language, which had not up to then been recorded. Finally, I had to observe their habits and customs, so that our first efforts at conversation could be adapted to their way of thinking and mode of life.

These preliminary tasks, I found, were as laborious as they were exhausting, especially under the conditions in which they had to be carried out. Yet they were necessary and, in many respects, fascinating tasks, since it is always intriguing to penetrate a little farther into the secrets of man, the unknown.

I always had three or four men in the hut with me, as well as a handful of squalling, naked children, both boys and girls. The women only visited me to bring in a few vegetables, which I paid for royally with a pinch of salt. All the mountain dwellers lacked this condiment, so necessary to their health. For that reason they prized it as a great delicacy.

The women also came, but more rarely, to seek medical attention. They always brought their children, so that there was a chorus of lustily squalling infants whenever I held my visiting

The French explorer missionary André Dupeyrat inspects his Papuan porters before setting out on an expedition. Behind him is Father Bachelier

hours. Faced with so much physical, not to mention spiritual, wretchedness—festering sores, deep ulcers, broken limbs, ringworm, bronchitis, and the rest—I virtually imposed my treatment on them, and was thrown into despair only by having so few material means of relieving their suffering. At first my zeal had been misunderstood. Having not the vaguest notion of hygiene, not the remotest idea of the origin and cause of disease, nor of how to treat the sick, they put down all their miseries—death included—to the workings of malignant spirits or witch-doctors. This attitude is found throughout New Guinea. It follows, therefore, that any form of healing, any attempt to ease a man's suffering, can be brought about only by the same supernatural powers.

Church In The Mountains

There were certain things about all this superstition and sorcery on which I could reach no firm conclusion. In these primitive countries is it true that those whom we call sorcerers have powers that transcend mere human potentialities, and which they can only have received from some supernatural source? One of the most striking incidents that troubled me occurred when I was once making an expedition with the *curé*, Father Bachelier, a fellow French priest.

We had reached Mondov' Imakoulata—a charming little mission station situated on the territory of the Mondo tribe, and dedicated to the Immaculate Virgin. It consisted of a single-roomed house, built with proper planks, and a church built of palm trunks with a roof of glinting corrugated iron. It lay only two hours distant from Fane-les-Roses, in the direction of the great central range. Built on a tiny plateau, which overlooked the whole upper valley of the Auga, Mondov' Imakoulata served four villages, of which one, quite close by, was called Mondo.

That evening, the grave and dignified Josepa, who was the native catechist for the region, together with two village notables and three old men from Mondo, had arrived to keep us company. The conversation soon grew animated in the comfortable intimacy of our little house. Outside, the night was dark, a thick darkness without moon. Whenever there was a momentary silence, one could hear the rumble of mountain torrents, and the wind rustling and rattling through the foliage of the great trees. Meanwhile, as we sat by lantern light, with our guests squatting around us, we talked of a hundred and one items of local gossip. The talk happened to turn to someone who had recently been much in the public eye—a certain Isidoro Ain'u'Ku.

Parents Chose His Bride

Isidoro was still a young man, a member of the Ilide tribe who lived near the sources of the Dilava. Extremely intelligent and full of verve and energy, he had been one of the first to take instruction when Father Norin and Father Bachelier had visited his village for the first time a few years earlier. In a very short time he had grasped their teachings and had passed his catechuman's examination brilliantly. He had been accepted for baptism.

Before giving him the sacrament, however, the missionary had asked him: "Are you married?" Ain'u'Ku had said no, and all the villagers had confirmed his assertion.

In fact, he had been married, but against his will. For, while he was still a child of no more than fifteen months, his parents had chosen an even younger girl to be his future bride. For a long time he had thought of her as his sister —a sister whom he came to detest. When he grew older, he refused to accept her as his wife.

Unfortunately, they had already lived together beyond the age of puberty, and he had thus given at least tacit consent to the union. And even though a pagan one, his marriage was indissoluble. Now that he had become a Christian, he was obliged to take back his legitimate wife, who had also been converted.

When he learned of this decision, Ain'u'Ku argued for a time, and ended up by shouting furiously: "If that is how it is, I shall no longer belong to God. Now I shall go and place myself in the Devil's hands!" He kept his word.

For nearly a year he disappeared from view. In the mysterious depths of the forest he went through his novitiate as a sorcerer, guided by some hierophant who taught him the magic rites and formulae, the incantations, and the various ways of killing people. He appeared once more in his own village, thin, gaunt and sunken-eyed, but with the title and already the reputation of sorcerer.

"Father, we tell you this is the truth," said one of the old men. "Ain'u'Ku has the power to change himself into a cassowary."

The cassowary is a bird rather like the ostrich. It is strong, stupid and voracious. One can hear a cassowary coming along the forest tracks from a long way off. As it runs, it beats its side with short wings, producing a sound rather like the *chuff-chuff* of a railway engine that is still getting up speed. Its huge feet, armed with redoubtable claws, strike thudding echoes even from the spongy and elastic floor of the forest.

Tales Of The Werewolves

We could not help laughing when our other guests earnestly seconded the old man's story. We had heard all those ancient legends about men who turned into beasts before—for Europe as well as Papua has its tales of werewolves and other lycanthropic monsters. Rather indulgently, we set about delivering them from these backward notions. Suddenly one of them made a sign, and we all fell silent. From far away we could hear the sound of a cassowary running.

Now the interesting thing was this: cassowaries do not travel by night. Nor, for that matter, do the Papuans. There are too many dangers lurking on the rough mountain trails as they wind along the precipices and, even worse, there are the spirits of the forest. The notion that someone might be playing a trick on us was thus ruled out. Besides, the practised ears of our guests, and even our own hearing, could not have deceived us. It was, without doubt, a cassowary.

"We were talking about Isidoro," someone murmured in a strangely altered voice. "He must have heard us. He's coming. . . ."

At this point it should be mentioned that Isidoro's village, Ilide, was beyond the main range of mountains, on the opposite side to its western slopes on which was perched the little mission station of Mondo. Thus, the journey from Ilide to Mondo, even for a Papuan, entailed a good five hours of steep climbs and almost vertical descents over a series of razor-backed ridges, plunging ravines and narrow gorges, the whole way lying through dense virgin forest at altitudes varying from three thousand to nearly eight thousand feet.

The "Human-bird" Enters

We shrugged our shoulders. No one could possibly make such a journey by night, unless he took pains to light his way with resinous torches and advanced with great caution—a process which would stretch the travelling time to at least ten hours, instead of five.

Meanwhile, the sound of the cassowary drew rapidly nearer. Soon we heard clearly the drumming of its massive feet on the clay floor of our small courtyard. Then, abruptly, it ceased. A few seconds later our door was pushed open and someone entered. It was Isidoro.

"I heard that you were here," he declared, all smiles. "I have become bad, but you are still my fathers. I have come to see you and to say your name"—(to welcome us). "Give me a little tobacco so that we can talk comfortably together."

He squatted down before us, shredded up with his nails the hard little wedge of tobacco I had given him, rolled it in a scrap of newspaper, then lit his cigarette with my lighter. We began to talk of one thing and another. Our Mondo friends, grey with fear, said nothing.

Isidoro, who appeared quite fresh and at ease, stayed nearly an hour. We did not, at any point, make any mention of the cassowary. Nor did he. "I am paying a visit to Mondo," he said, finally getting up. "I am going back there to sleep. I'll see you tomorrow."

We shook hands, and he departed.

Baleful Thunder Of Feet

Scarcely had the door closed behind him than we heard once more the thudding of the cassowary's feet and wings. I leaped outside. The night was black as ink. I could see nothing, and my shout received no answer. But beneath the black sky with its sparse spangling of winking stars, under the loud rustling of the wakeful forest, could be heard, unmistakable and baleful, the dying thunder of the cassowary's running feet.

It became imperative to throw some daylight on this mystery. Otherwise the superstitious beliefs that held our villagers in thrall would only be confirmed and strengthened.

Without waiting further, we set off for the village of Mondo by lantern light: it was no more than five minutes walk from the mission station. There, we at once visited the communal hut where travellers are received, and then ruthlessly went into each smaller hut, questioning its inhabitants. We were quickly convinced of one thing: not only was Isidoro not at Mondo, but he had not been seen in the village for a long time, nor for that matter in the surrounding district.

We decided therefore to set off at dawn next day for Ilide. We arrived there towards noon, panting, perspiring and exhausted. The first person to greet us, wearing a broad smile, was Isidoro.

We were careful not to show the least trace

Sister Jeanne helped Dupeyrat to cut away a diseased bone from the leg of tribal chief Herico. He operated with a carpenter's chisel

Herico—his diseased left leg now healed—stands next to Dupeyrat, whose makeshift surgery saved his life. The occasion was the blessing by Bishop Sorin of a cross set up on a mountain overlooking former cannibal territory

Skulls found in a cannibal hut. One chief, who had both his parents killed and eaten by a neighbouring tribe because they were too old, proudly showed Dupeyrat how carefully he had preserved their bones

of astonishment. The villagers themselves were certainly surprised by our unexpected visit, but we found some plausible excuse, and in the most casual way possible pursued our detailed and rather anxious investigation.

These were the indisputable facts that emerged: Isidoro had remained in the communal hut of the village on the preceding, evening, smoking and gossiping, until "two pipes after the hour of the *ghélélé*"—that is to say, until after seven, for it is at about six thirty that the mountain cicada salutes with his strident cries the coming of twilight. He had said that he was going back to his own hut to sleep. Others had seen him enter it, but not come out again. Early next morning, he had appeared on the veranda of his hut in the usual way, yawning and stretching. There had, in short, been nothing at all unusual in Isidoro's behaviour.

An Impossible Journey

The bare facts, however, gave rise to much more troubling conclusions. Isidoro had been in his village the previous evening until seven o'clock. By about nine thirty that same evening, he had been in our hut at Mondo. Yet, as I have said, it was physically impossible to cover the distance between these two points in less than five hours, above all at night. For the return journey, it is true, the time factor presented less difficulty. Even then, there are limits to human endurance, above all among the Papuans who, for lack of rich and sustaining foods, have little stamina. Even supposing he could have made the journey by night, which in itself was highly improbable, and counting the time he had spent with us, Isidoro would have had to make in about nine hours a return trip which, by day, would normally take at least ten, and by night at least sixteen hours.

It was a complete mystery. However, the next day, while I was alone, Isidoro came to see me. I had grown weary of turning the problem over and over in my mind. Looking him straight in the eyes, I asked him bluntly: "Where were you, the other evening?"

"With you, at Mondov' Imakoulata. You know that. You gave me some tobacco. We talked about different things. We shook hands."

"Yes, but you deceived me. You said you were going to sleep at Mondo. No one saw you in the village."

"Oh, that was just an *av'ur'elafe*"—(a manner of speaking).

"Yet the people here say that you were with them, in this village, until quite late that same evening, and early the next day again."

"Yes. There they speak the word of truth."

"In that case, perhaps you flew like the birds to come and see us?"

His face darkened and his eyes grew fierce. His mouth twisted into a grimace of smiling hatred that I had never seen before, as he said jeeringly: "You, a priest, have powers to do extraordinary things. I wanted to show you that I, too, have such powers."

And abruptly he departed.

It has been said that in those countries which, in our atomic era, are still sunk in the Stone Age, the mysterious forces which we vaguely sense but can never grasp in tangible form are much more active, and hence more easily perceptible, than elsewhere. The case of Isidoro seems to confirm such an opinion.

Shadowy Margin Of Doubt

During the twenty-odd years that I lived in Papua, I more than once witnessed incidents which, to say the least, gave food for much reflection and which reason seemed powerless to comprehend. But can reason ever succeed in doing so? Between knowledge and faith there will doubtless always be that shadowy margin which, on the one hand, may certainly make us doubt the validity of our rational processes, but which, on the other, may also bring us powerful reassurance as we cling to true faith.

Sorcery, enchanted snakes, werewolves. . . . There are other strange stories that I could tell; stories of the casting of spells, particularly in the curious form of the *éyé*, as it is practised in the Fuyughé district, and under different names in other districts.

For this, one procures some object that has had an intimate connection with the person whose death one wishes to bring about: a fragment of his clothing, scraps of food, nail parings, hair, drops of blood. All these constitute the *éyé*—and the more specimens one has, the more certain are the chances of success.

Mixed With Lizard's Entrails

Without once touching it with the bare hands, under pain of being oneself fatally struck down, one takes the *éyé* with pincers, or by using leaves, and places it in a fragment of cloth. When the accumulation is judged sufficient, the whole bagful is taken to the sorcerer. This man, who knows the facts of the case and has been well paid, then introduces the *éyé* into a bamboo tube.

He has already prepared a section of bamboo, cutting it above one joint and below the next, so that the small tube remains hermetically sealed. In one side he now makes a small hole, into which he thrusts special flowers on which a spell has been placed, and then the *éyé* which has been mixed with the still warm entrails of a freshly killed lizard. The sorcerer then carefully seals the opening with wax or resin, so that no emanation can escape from the mixture inside—for if it did the victim would not die.

From this moment onwards, the sorcerer and all those who touch the bamboo must neither drink water nor wash themselves, nor allow the rain, the dew, or the waters of a stream to wet them, for if that happened they would become "cold," and the *éyé* would lose all its virtue. They must also observe rigorous fasts.

A number of different operations follow. One consists in passing the *éyé* on to another sorcerer, who keeps it for a time hidden above the fire in

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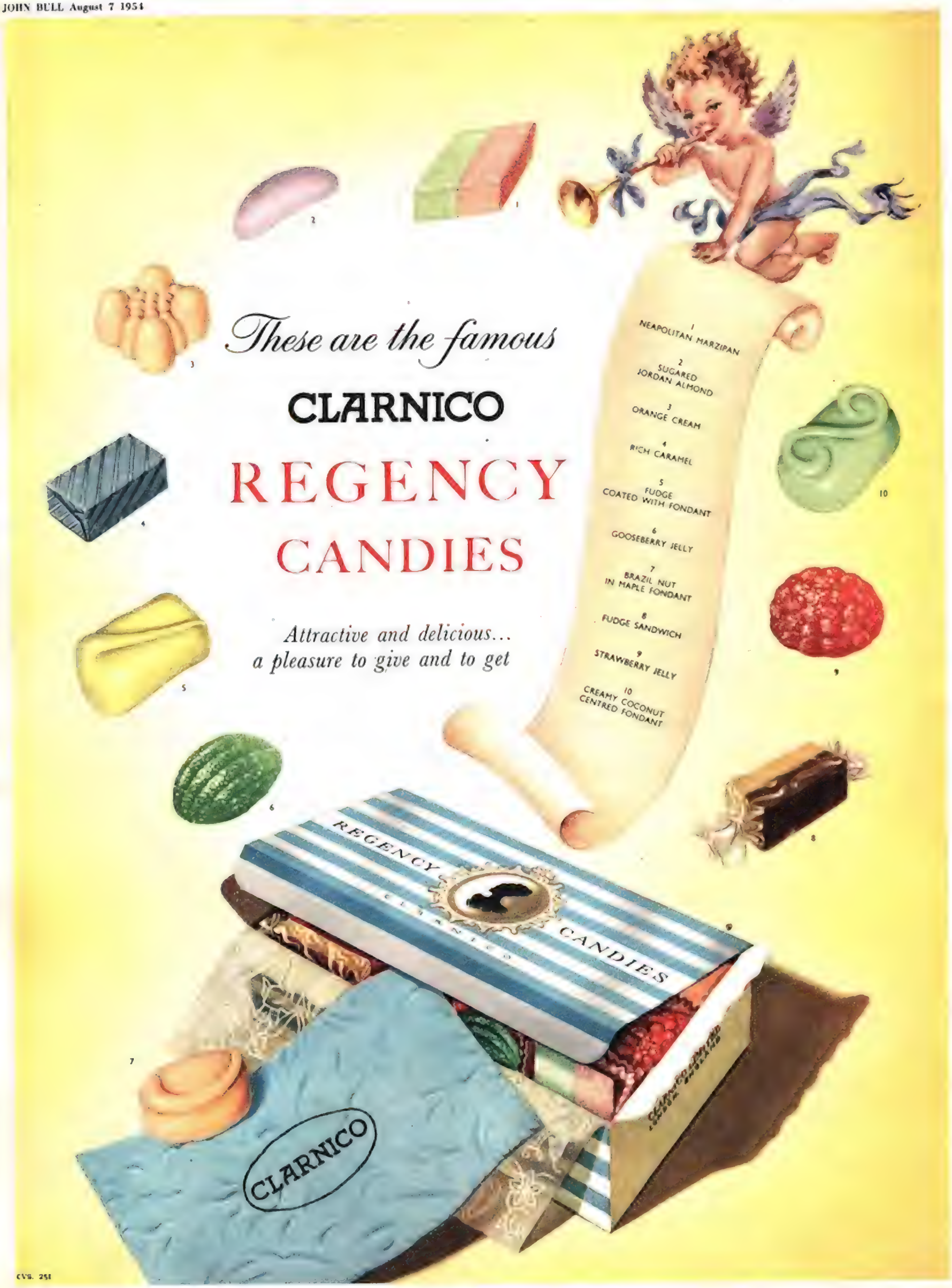
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Ted Heath bewitches youth with swing

by JOHN HARMAN

"Waltzes are for old people," says the ex-busker who is now a top bandleader. Deafening rhythm earns him £2,500 a week

IN A BLACKPOOL BALLROOM one evening recently, 14,000 teenagers stood packed. Instead of dancing, they listened while Ted Heath, a burly figure in a navy-blue blazer and white trousers, paced up and down with a bland smile, conducting sixteen musicians through two and a half hours of deafening, rhythmic swing.

The bandleader was leaving the ballroom when a youth approached him and demanded to know why the programme had not included waltzes, foxtrots and other numbers such as dance bands usually play. Heath gave a swift and scornful reply. "Music like that," he said, "is for *old* people."

At fifty-two, Heath specializes in a high-pressure style of playing which has earned him the nickname "King of Swing" and which is shrewdly aimed at the young age groups which predominate among the dance-going public. He studies their tastes by welcoming comments on the pieces played. He dresses the band in teen-age clothes—slacks and sweaters—and appears only in halls where admission charges are low.

His Aim Is To Create Excitement

Once, after refusing to play at a dance where the tickets were half a guinea each, he explained: "Six shillings or so is the most a youngster can really afford on an evening out."

Heath takes sixty-five per cent of the box office receipts, an arrangement under which his income fluctuates between £1,500 and £2,500 a week, and travels 60,000 miles a year throughout Britain. Often, teenagers crowd the floor, not to dance, but to stand and listen to his band. Reg Owen, Heath's musical arranger, says: "The secret is to attract attention and create excitement by scoring the trumpet, saxophone and trombone parts loud and high. Most important, the band maintains a steady beat which makes the audience tap its feet."

Ballroom managers describe the atmosphere generated by the harsh, pulsating rhythm as almost hypnotic. Sometimes emotions reach boiling point and the audience gets out of control. Once, Lita Roza, the singer, who was then working for Heath, was pinned against a wall while souvenir-hunters snatched her ear-rings and chopped her hair with scissors. Dennis Lotis, another singer, had his shirt ripped off before reaching the safety of his dressing-room.

Boy Forgot His Pay Packet

Heath, who denies that the incidents were publicity stunts, treats his fans' excesses of enthusiasm with schoolmasterly calm. When teenagers barred a ballroom exit and shouted for his autograph, he quietly gave them his coat and briefcase to hold. Then he made them form an orderly queue. One youth who had given him an envelope to sign was so excited, however, that he rushed off and left it behind. It was a pay packet containing £9.

Sales of Heath's gramophone records have passed the twelve million mark. He is proud of the fact that music critics in the U.S., birthplace of jazz and swing, speak of him in the same breath as Duke Ellington, Count Basie and other famous names. Although his band has never played in America, it came ninth in a popularity poll conducted by a U.S. newspaper.

Heath studies records of leading American bands—"So that I know exactly what competition I'm up against"—and has copied some of their ideas, including the "echo chamber." This device, used chiefly for adding "gloss" to the sound of brass instruments, consists of a hard-walled cubicle. The playing of the brass section is fed into the cubicle by a loudspeaker, and

In navy-blue blazer and white trousers, Heath plays for young dancers. He refuses to appear in halls where the admission charges are high

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAWRENCE HANLEY

With three members of his band, singer Kathie Lloyd, Don Lusher and Bobby Pratt (right), Ted Heath looks through new numbers. Called a taskmaster, he says: "I expect top work for top wages"

then, with an echo of between one and a half and two and a half seconds' duration, is picked up by a microphone.

"Heath refuses to broadcast without an echo effect," says John Hooper, the producer of his radio shows. "To obtain it during a broadcast from a ballroom, I commandeered the largest washroom in the building and wired it with loudspeakers and microphones. The room, tiled throughout, was ideal for the purpose."

At home in Wimbledon, Surrey, with his six children, aged from two to twenty-eight, Heath is an easy-going and demonstrative father. "If the band has given a good performance," says his wife, Moira, "he returns in a state of wild excitement and says: 'They played like angels!'" In business, however, he adopts a cold, austere manner—and does it so successfully that many of his professional associates believe that this is his real temperament.

Insists On Eight Microphones

To the sound engineers who handle his radio programme, he is an impatient, rather high-handed perfectionist who has a habit of wandering into the control box at rehearsals and criticizing the placing of the microphones. "For balancing the sound between sections of the band, he insists on having seven or eight microphones placed throughout the studio," says Hooper. "He would have more if we let him."

This obsession for evenly balanced sound reached a climax when Heath played music for *The Dreamers*, a modern ballet which was televised a few months ago. Twice during the afternoon rehearsal he threatened to walk out of the studio because he felt that the microphone coverage was inadequate. Later, after hearing a recording of the actual broadcast, he repeated his criticisms and said that he would not appear on television again. He told the B.B.C.: "People like my music, not my face. A few bad performances and I'm finished."

His musicians regard Heath as a hard taskmaster. Recently, when he thought the trumpet section was not pulling its weight, he played a record they had made a year previously. Then, as a sergeant-major might address recruits, he roared: "Hear what you can do? Now do it!" At times he resorts to finely barbed sarcasm. A trumpeter who fluffed a note in a difficult passage found Heath beside him whispering: "May I hold your gloves?"

If he is pleased, the most he tells a performer is: "That'll do." When a musician challenged him about his policy of rarely giving praise, Heath replied that he pays the highest wages in the dance band profession—a basic salary of about £35 a week, plus a bonus of £10 or more—and has every right to expect good work.

Nevertheless, he watches the band's physical comfort with elaborate care. He has bought a £5,000 luxury motor coach, fitted with aircraft-type reclining seats, to avoid fatigue on long journeys. In addition, he plans bookings so that his men get home each night. Once, he turned down a music hall tour, said to be worth £35,000, on the grounds that the band would have to spend several months away from London.

His friends say that the driving forces within Heath are the spur of artistic achievement and the anxiety to provide his family with a life more sheltered than his own. He was born in a terraced villa in Wandsworth, London. When his elder brother was in the army, and his father, a bus maintenance worker, fell ill with paralysis, Heath became, at seventeen, the family breadwinner. "I was getting only 11s. 9d. a week as an apprentice coachbuilder. Since my father had taught me the tenor horn and trombone, I went into the streets to earn extra money as a busker."

One week he took £8, but lost ten shillings after an appearance at Bow Street police court, where he was fined for obstruction.

While Heath was playing his trombone in Langham Place, alongside the B.B.C. headquarters—he claims to be one of the few musicians who have played both outside and inside Broadcasting House—his elder brother, Harold, who was appearing with Jack Hylton in a nearby hall, came out and told him of a vacancy in the band. Heath did not get the job, but he was attracted by the idea of turning professional, and soon won his first engagement—in a mainly Negro band in Vienna. Returning to London, he joined Ambrose's orchestra.

In 1933, as a widower with two children, he married his present wife, who was then a Cochran Young Lady. "He was agonizingly shy in those days. He had little confidence in himself and was easily upset," she recalls. "He drank champagne at the wedding reception, and later that night played a single wrong note during a broadcast. He came home in a suicidal depression and scarcely spoke to me for three days." Since that evening, Heath has never touched alcohol before a performance.

Wife Left Poem On His Pillow

In 1940, during a wartime tour with Geraldo's orchestra, he spent a few days in Hastings with his wife. She had to return to London early, and on his pillow left a poem which began: "I haven't said thanks for that lovely weekend." Heath set the poem to music and, under the title of the opening line, it became a popular song. Of other ballads which he and his wife have written together, the only one to achieve any success was "I'm Gonna Love That Guy."

Heath formed his own band in 1945, on a bank overdraft of £750. "The venture nearly ruined me," he says. "I went jazz mad. I tried to be too clever and played complicated music which appealed only to expert musicians. The public just wasn't interested."

Several dance hall managers nearly threw him out because he refused to play waltzes. Faced with a loss of £100 a week, Heath in desperation dressed his musicians in South American costume, cracked jokes and threw streamers at the audience. It was another failure.

His fortunes changed about two years ago. "I began to feel the public pulse. I put out gramophone records of various moods and tempos, carefully analysing the reactions. The melodic records sold best, so I decided to concentrate on that type of playing." Today, he calculates that at least 120,000 copies will be sold of each recording he makes.

Has Little Interest In Money

Heath has a suite of offices in Albemarle Street, London, where, in addition to running the band, he supervises a music publishing business and acts as an agent for several dance orchestras and singers. He is one of the richest men in show business, but professes to have little interest in money. "I have a fine band and a devoted family. I am content with life."

For relaxation, he plays golf in a somewhat unorthodox style—once he got down on his knees to play a tricky shot out of a bunker—and, when the band stops at the roadside for a game of football, he is an average goalkeeper.

His main delight in his sudden wealth is that he can afford to spend holidays on the French Riviera and take his wife to Royal Ascot, as he did in the first year of their marriage. This year, dressed in a grey topper and morning suit, he was entering a grandstand when a group of men on the fringe of the crowd shouted a greeting. He went over to them, shook hands and exchanged racing tips.

"He was pleased to be recognized," says his wife. "The friends were buskers he knew when he played on the pavements." THE END

Nightmare in Copenhagen

by MARTHA ALBRAND

ILLUSTRATED BY ZELINSKI

To break into the Russian Zone and snatch a man from jail . . . that was the plan. It would take courage, cunning—and all the luck in the world

AT LAST, Richard Parker was face to face with the man who had betrayed his best friend, Anders Oersted. Anders, a brilliant Danish scientist, was a prisoner of the Russians in Eastern Germany. Making a desperate bid to save him, Richard had gone to the betrayer's house near Copenhagen—and been overpowered. He knew he would not be allowed to leave the house alive. . . .

The Russians had offered to release Anders in exchange for a sample of a vital new explosive which—Richard alone knew—was hidden at the Oersteds' farm. Although he was in love with Anders's sister, Helga, he could not bring himself to surrender such a valuable weapon.

He knew that Anders had been betrayed by someone close to him. It might be Mogens, the massive fisherman. Or Otto Severin, Anders's German assistant. Or Dr. Frederik Gabel, once an avowed Communist. Or Iver Larsen, the lawyer, who had lied about his whereabouts on the day Anders had disappeared.

As a last gamble, Richard had asked Helga to tell Mogens, Larsen and Gabel that the explosive was at Viken, in Sweden. Once the Russians thought they knew where it was hidden, they would try to kill him—and that would give him his chance. If the man who betrayed Anders revealed himself, if he was important enough to the Russians, his life could be traded for Anders's. . . .

But Richard's plan misfired. And now he was a prisoner, tied to a chair, in the house of the man who had sold Anders Oersted to the Russians—Iver Larsen. Richard had found the man important enough to exchange for Anders, and there was nothing he could do about it.

FINAL INSTALMENT

In Reply, A Bullet

LARSEN sat down in front of the grand piano, still smiling. "A little music, I think," he said. He straightened the fold of his trousers before he began to play softly.

"Bach," he said. "There is nothing like Bach for making you forget the world, for helping you to think clearly, for soothing your nerves."

Richard said nothing. Somewhere a clock

For the moment, all her love, all her thoughts, were for Richard. He was safe, thank heaven he was safe! She knelt down impulsively and kissed him

chimed the hour. Larsen stopped playing. "I'll leave now," he said. "I have an appointment with Helga and the others at Gabel's house. My man will watch you. Any message for Helga?"

"Tell her——" said Richard, and stopped. From behind the door came a scream—the scream of a man in agony.

It all happened in a moment, yet it seemed eternities. In that moment Larsen rose and cocked his revolver, a door slammed somewhere, the man who had helped to overpower Richard could be seen running down the garden path, holding both hands high over his head in the gesture of surrender, and the door opened.

It opened very slowly, and Larsen, ready, lifted his gun; then let it sink again in utter astonishment. On the threshold stood Helga. She stood very quietly.

"So Richard was right," she said, "you never were in Paris. You were here all the time, to see that everything went to plan."

She crossed the room to where Richard sat tied to his chair. And as Larsen's eyes followed her movements, Mogens rushed into the room. He came in like a bull, his body bent, his head lowered and, like a bull, he rushed at Larsen. A shot went wild and Mogens was on top of Larsen, holding him down, his huge body almost crushing the lawyer.

"Don't kill him!" Richard said. "Don't kill him! We need him!" And he said it again, for Mogens seemed deaf to the world. Then Helga was untying the ropes that held Richard helpless.

"You see," she said, "he didn't come. He said he would when I spoke to him from the farm, but when I got to Hornbaek he had rung Frederik to say he couldn't make it. That startled me. All the way over to Viken I wondered why he hadn't come. And then I remembered you had said that as soon as they knew the explosive had been found, they would try to attack you. That's why I telephoned him and lied about finding the container. You aren't hurt, Richard darling?"

"Go on," he said, smiling. He knew that for a moment her thoughts were only for him.

"That's really all." She knelt to kiss him. "I phoned the farm and Ulla said you had gone to his house, and I was so afraid that I decided to tell Mogens and Gabel the truth. Gabel would not believe it, but Mogens came with me. So we crossed directly from Viken to Humlebaek. We surprised the man, but somehow he escaped. Does it matter?"

"No," he said, "I don't think it does."

He got out of the chair and pulled her close. For a moment he held her, with an immense feeling of happiness. Then he let go of her and picked up the revolver, which had fallen to the floor when Mogens attacked Larsen.

"Now we will see," he said to the lawyer, "how important you are to your friends, and I hope you spoke the truth when you told me you were of great value to them."

He made a sign to Mogens to let Larsen rise. Helga, he saw, was trying not to face the man Anders and she had considered their friend.

"What do you intend to do?" Larsen spoke with his usual easy, suave voice, but his face was white and he was biting his lip nervously.

"At all times countries have exchanged people who were important to them," said Richard, "to avoid a trial during which they might talk. Naturally, I shall make my report to the authorities, but instead of handing you over to the police, I am ready to exchange you for Anders Oersted."

Larsen did not answer.

"You will phone your people," said Richard, "and repeat my offer to them." He went over to the side table and poured himself a drink; then filled a glass for Larsen.

Larsen's hands were steady as he took it. Richard waited till he had finished; then pointed to the telephone on a small table near the door. To his relief, Larsen did not hesitate.

Nobody spoke while they waited for the call to come through. Richard started to pace the room. He stopped only when he heard Larsen's voice. "At this moment Parker is in control of the situation. I'm sorry, but I couldn't do anything about it. He offers, instead of handing me over to the authorities, to exchange me for the person you are holding."

He was silent; then he nodded. "All right. I'll be waiting," and put down the receiver.

"They will see if it can be arranged," he said. "They will ring back. It may take an hour or two."

"An eye for an eye," said Mogens, "a tooth for a tooth. If they have twisted so much as a hair of Anders's head, you'll pay for it."

Larsen paid no attention to the fisherman. "I would like to retire to my study," he said.

The study was a room on the second floor, with two windows overlooking the garden. It offered no chance of escape. The distance to the ground was such that anyone trying to jump would be severely injured. Richard searched the room carefully; then asked Larsen for the keys to his desk.

Larsen stood at the open window, staring out to sea. "You'll find nothing of interest," he said. "I never kept anything here."

RICHARD locked the door leading to the bedroom, taking the key with him; then quietly closed the door to the hall behind him, turning the key in that lock, too. "You stay here, Mogens, outside his room."

"You think you know people." Mogens took the gun Richard was handing him. "I have known him since I was knee high and he only a year or two younger. I taught him how to sail a boat. We fought side by side during the war. We . . ." He sat down on the staircase, shaking his head.

Richard went downstairs to the music room. Helga was standing just inside the door. She gripped his arm.

"I don't want to stay in this house," she said. But she wouldn't hear of his suggestion to go back to the farm and wait there for him. "It's just that I don't want to see him or anything that has to do with him.

"So many nights," she went on, "Anders and I, sitting on the window seat, listening to him playing, so many hours. . . . Let's go out in the garden, Richard."

The traffic on the road below had grown a little less heavy. Something of the peace of approaching evening lay over the landscape. Only the wind was still high, singing across the sound.

"How long has it been?" she said.

"Just over an hour."

"Already?" They could not grasp the fact that time was flying. *An hour or two,* Larsen had said. The answer might come any moment now.

After a while, the fear of missing the call drove them back to the house. Mogens was still sitting on top of the stairs. "No sound from in there," he said. "Must be asleep, but how a man like him can sleep. . . ."

It sounded like a shot. Yet it couldn't have been a shot. He had made sure, before he had closed the door of Larsen's room, that there was no second revolver anywhere in the study.

"Must have been a car backfiring," said Mogens, but even as he was saying it he was running across the hall, with Richard and Helga following.

Larsen lay on the floor near the open window. The bullet had gone through his head. "Don't look," Richard said to Helga; "don't, darling." He pushed her back out of the room.

"I thought I searched him." Mogens knelt down near the dead man. "He must have had a second gun."

Richard stepped up to the window. He saw the tree, straight and beautiful and of great height. Its crown reached higher than the second floor and it stood only about forty yards from the house. Below it on the ground, on the white pebbles, lay something he had not noticed before—a few small branches like those that might break if someone were to climb the tree. *They didn't even bother to make it look like suicide,* he thought. *Somebody was sent to shoot him. He wasn't so important, after all.*

"Don't bother to look for the gun," he said to Mogens. But Mogens had understood. He was standing next to Richard, staring down at the ground around the tree.

"That's their answer, isn't it, Herre Parker?" he said.

Richard could only nod. In his disappointment and despair he felt like a small boy, very close to tears.

MOGENS put his hand on Richard's shoulder. "You did everything you could. You risked your life, knowing you might be killed. We couldn't have prevented it, could we?"

"I don't know," said Richard. "I don't know. Perhaps I shouldn't have been so sure it would work. Call the police, Mogens. I think we can no longer avoid them."

But at that moment, while they were still standing at the window, a car stopped opposite

Nearly blinded by the searchlight, Severin cupped

s hands and shouted in Russian to the corvette. Richard and Helga crouched low on the wheelhouse deck, and prayed that his bluff would succeed

the gate. A man got out, crossed the street, opened the gate and came running up to the house.

"It's that damn foreigner," said Mogens. At the same time, Richard recognized Severin.

They met him in the entrance. He still wore the overcoat, but now its collar was turned down. His unshaven face looked sick with fatigue. Helga shied away from him, leaning against Richard.

"Watch out," she whispered. "Watch out, Richard."

"Tried to reach you everywhere," said Severin, without the slightest attempt at politeness. "Miss Rasmussen finally told me where I could find you."

"I thought you'd gone," said Richard. "Bag and all. Destination unknown. What are you doing here?"

"I've found out where they are holding Anders. Ahrenshoop. A small seaside place, a fishing village on the German coast—Russian Zone, of course. That's where they're holding him—the German police—for the Russians."

"How did you find out?"

"I went to Gedser," said Severin. "As soon as you left, I took the train to Gedser."

"I didn't mean that," snapped Richard. "I meant from whom did you find out about Anders?"

"Connections."

"Only last night—early this morning rather—you told me you had no connections."

"In Copenhagen, no; in Gedser, yes. You didn't want to waste time going to Gedser yourself, did you?"

"Who are they? Who told you?"

ANGER showed in Severin's eyes. "I'm sorry, Parker," he said, "I can't give them away. Why do you think I'm trying to break my neck? To amuse myself? I thought you might want to know, so you wouldn't have to deliver the container."

Richard took a deep breath. "Go over, you mean? Go over into the Russian Zone?"

"What else?" said Severin. "It's our only chance to try to save Anders. I know Ahrenshoop like my own pocket. I told you I lived in Ribnitz, just across the Saaler Bodden."

Richard didn't answer. Severin's presence at this moment was ominous. Too well timed. It came at a moment when all his hopes had broken down, when he was at a complete loss and, as their enemies must know, at a point of such despair that he would try to perform the impossible. To send Severin with a message about where Anders was being held, to lure him, Richard, into the lions' den, to make another attempt on his life, to play one man against the other, to get hold of the explosive without setting them free——

"Who sent you this time?" he asked. "Sleepwalking again? Delivering a message because you're too cowardly to kill yourself?"

"I came on my own," said Severin. "I don't care if I die or not. I told you, a man gets tired. I'm ready to come along with you, show you the way."

To make sure he would not leave Denmark, to deliver him personally to the people who at this moment were holding his father in Eastern Germany.

"I don't think it can be done."

"Perhaps not," said Severin. "It won't be easy, for there was no time to prepare anything. Still, police headquarters are at a villa outside Ahrenshoop proper. Not all of the beach is guarded. There are spots where the searchlights hardly reach. And the barometer is falling. We may have a chance."

"Don't go," said Helga suddenly. "Don't go, Richard. I'm sure it's a trap." She stopped

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The Kingdon-Wards seek flowers in the unknown

by ANTONY FERRY

From trackless jungles and unmapped mountains they bring rare plants. Their strangest find was acorns, shaped like half-crowns

A FEW HOURS AFTER setting up camp at the base of a mountain in North Burma last summer, Frank Kingdon-Ward, a Manchester-born botanist, was classifying plants when he suddenly collapsed and fell from his canvas chair. His wife, who had been on four plant-hunting expeditions with him, put him to bed.

Through sign language and basic Hindustani, she described the symptoms of her husband's illness to a native runner, who she then sent on a ten-day trek to the nearest doctor.

Kingdon-Ward had lost twenty pounds by the time the runner came back with tablets and a drug. He was delirious and suffering from severe chills, but three days after taking the drug he was well enough to walk about.

On the fourth day he broke camp, climbed 12,000 feet up the mountain and discovered a new variety of rhododendron. "It made me feel much better," he says.

Frank Kingdon-Ward regularly makes new flower discoveries. He considers them well worth the hazards and privations he must undergo to find them in one of the least-explored areas of the world. A short, wiry man of sixty-eight, with gnarled hands and a lined face, he has roamed the East for more than forty years, adding about two hundred new species of plants

At the Royal Horticultural Society gardens, Frank Kingdon-Ward and his wife admire rhododendrons. In his travels he has discovered fifty new varieties

and flowers to the horticultural life of Britain, including fifty new varieties of rhododendrons, his favourite flower. Many exotic plants now being cultivated in Britain bear his name.

Societies and individuals interested in flowers subscribe to the cost of his expeditions and are rewarded when Kingdon-Ward, after a year in the interior, sends back thousands of packets of seeds, dry specimens of plants, and field notes for lectures and papers on new flowers.

He often has to build primitive roads through the jungle, and has mapped an unknown mountain range, new rivers and stretches of lakeland in Tibet. He has made twenty-one expeditions into Burma, China, Tibet and Assam. In mid-September he will sail again with his wife to explore in North Burma a mountain which was only recently cleared of a tribe of headhunters.

Trapped In Valley For A Month

In 1950, the Kingdon-Wards were searching for plants in Assam when a series of earthquakes tore open a valley, trapping them in a primitive village with bare rations and only green, slimy water to drink. One afternoon the temperature rose so sharply that the top of their clinical thermometer blew off at 110 degrees. Mrs. Kingdon-Ward suffered from fever for twenty-five days. They kept up their spirits by searching for alpine flora, until they were rescued a month later.

As a plant hunter, Kingdon-Ward carries the disappointments of one expedition into another, hoping that one day he will hack his way through the underbrush to a clearing where all the flowers he has sought for years are in bloom.

Once he found a rare type of cherry tree unknown in the Western world. He returned to the spot a month later to gather some of its stones, and found the tree chopped into neat sections for the building of a native hut.

In 1950, he found an unusually rare yellow laurel, but many days of searching failed to unearth any seeds. The field was wild with the flowers, but they were all male specimens.

One of his more mysterious discoveries may never be solved. In a Burmese village he came across a twenty-yard stretch of ground littered with acorns. He might have overlooked them had his wife not kicked one with her shoe. It didn't roll. Kingdon-Ward stooped and was startled to see acorns about one and a half inches in diameter and as flat as half-crowns. There was only one oak tree in the area and the acorns on it were round.

The discovery of wild tea has been one of his objects for many years. Burmese headmen often tell him of secret paths to genuinely wild tea, but each time he has traced the growth to domestic plants still growing on the sites of abandoned plantations. Tea-growers would pay for information leading to wild tea, but Kingdon-Ward doubts whether any will be found.

Tricked By A Medicine Man

His researches into native drugs have proved frustrating. The secrets are jealously guarded. A tribal medicine man last year presented him with a leaf and his personal guarantee that it would cure almost any type of snake bite. Realizing that the herb would have a high commercial value, Kingdon-Ward made inquiries in the district and found that the medicine man gave a different kind of leaf to each patient. He had instantly become famous when he cured his first snake-bite patient, and the only way he could maintain his position was to attach magic curative powers to any leaves he gave out.

Writing and lecturing play an important part in Kingdon-Ward's work. During one voyage to India, he and his wife wrote a 35,000-word book on rhododendrons before they left the ship. People who hear him lecture often express the belief that his life must be one long holiday, but he replies that the work is always arduous.

"Once we have come to the end of the jeep roads," he says, "we have to carry more than two tons of food and equipment on a fifteen-day march into the wilds to establish a base camp. By that time, half our fuel supply has probably leaked away and we have to send back for more. From the base camp we work far into the jungle, collecting plants and living on a staple diet of rice twice a day, tasting no bread or roast meat for a year at a time. Should an accident happen, it may be twenty-five days' march to the nearest doctor."

Once, Kingdon-Ward was crossing a bamboo bridge when a sudden gust of wind blew off his hat, taking his only pair of glasses with it. On another occasion he slipped over a cliff and was pinned on a ledge, with a bamboo spike spearing his armpit. During an expedition in Tibet, his only pair of mountain shoes fell into a gorge. He did the rest of his climbing in ordinary shoes, wearing out five pairs in three months.

Kingdon-Ward's interest in flowers was inherited from his father, a professor of botany at Cambridge. Steeped in an atmosphere of botanical learning, Kingdon-Ward heard exciting tales of the jungle from students returning from the East. "They were the kind of stuff that appeals to a boy. As soon as I graduated from Cambridge I took a job in Shanghai."

Returned Penniless To Shanghai

After two years, he broke his contract to go on an expedition into China, although he was warned that there would be no pay. A year later, he returned to Shanghai without a penny.

"Just when I was feeling most desperate," he says, "I got a letter from a Liverpool man who wanted someone with experience to go into the western China hill country to collect for him." Kingdon-Ward cabled for his fare and soon set out to see China again.

Shortly after the war he offered his services as a jungle guide, hunting for the wreckage of crashed planes. He met an American general who asked him whether he knew anything about the country.

"I've spent the last twenty-five years wandering up and down and across the mountains," Kingdon-Ward replied. "I know them better than you know New York. I've walked across them from Assam to China in more months than your boys take hours to fly it." He got the job.

It was in Bombay, while attached to the R.A.F., that he met Jean Macklin, now his wife. She had travelled widely in Kashmir and, he says, "was quite prepared to be particularly keen on botany." They were married after the war and within a week sailed to Manipur, Assam, on their first expedition together.

Between voyages, they live in a small house, with no garden, in Newbury, Berks. They spend their time in England preparing lectures, visiting other people's gardens, and packing for the next expedition. Their home is decorated with Burmese tapestries.

The Kingdon-Wards find it difficult to keep on the move and still lead normal lives, but they intend to go exploring for at least ten more years.

Small Boy Brought Two Gifts

At the end of their last expedition to North Burma, they had assembled their equipment for the long march back to civilization when they missed one of their native carriers. By the time they had finished packing, the native boy had not returned. They sat on their kits and waited.

Shortly after noon there was a rustle on the edge of the clearing. The boy appeared bearing two gifts which he offered shyly. One was a coral-red begonia, the other a clematis with ivory-white stamens and nigger-brown petals which appeared to turn magenta when held up to the light. Frank Kingdon-Ward stared at them with disbelief.

"I was beginning to think their existence was a myth," he says. He had been searching for them for thirty years. THE END

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARTHUR WHITTINGTON

In a hothouse of the R.H.S. gardens at Wisley, Surrey, the Kingdon-Wards inspect a rare plant which they brought from North Burma last year

RAFFLES AND THE GOLDEN NYMPHS

Continued from page 14

terrible thought shot through my mind.

"Raffles! Those Yard men——"

"Just so," he said grimly. "Not much doubt who they're after. They must have had information." He pushed open the door of the refreshment room. "Get a couple of beers, Bunny," he said, and turned quickly to peer from the window.

When I carried two foaming tankards across to him, he took one and gave me a queer look. "Neither Kortright nor Ellis," he said, "has so much as glanced from the window of their compartment. You'd think that, if they'd had a tip that Dennis Furney crossed yesterday from Calais and may be on this train, they'd take a stroll along the platform at every opportunity, to glance in at the other compartments. Yet there they are, look—sitting in there, peacefully reading!"

I peered from the window, and it was true; I could see them. "What do you make of it?" I said, puzzled.

"That they haven't a suspicion Dennis Furney's in England," Raffles said. He raised his tankard to his lips, diminished its contents by a good two-thirds, said: "Taken and wanted!" and went on: "Know what I begin to think, Bunny? As you know, I've always made it my business to learn a bit about Yard personalities. Now, Kortright and Ellis are both West Countrymen. And I'm inclined to think they're on this train for no other reason than that, like the whole sporting West Country, they're curious to see this match tomorrow, and are treating themselves to a little holiday."

"A lucky holiday for them," I said. "They'll have a prisoner to take back. They'll pick up Dennis Furney the minute they see him walk on to that field tomorrow."

AGAIN he gave me that queer look. "They say revenge is sweet, Bunny," he said. "Nonsense! For the normal person, the anticipation of revenge can be sweet, but when it's in his grasp, it's surprising how often the savour departs and the gesture of magnanimity seems more satisfying.

"Old Nevil Denman has brooded, certainly—or this match would never be on tomorrow. But I know his kind. Suppose old Furney walks up to him on that field tomorrow and says: 'Here's my boy Dennis. He's come back of his own accord. In a hot-tempered fight that sprang up between two youngsters, he killed your boy Bob. He's suffered for it. He always will. Now, here he is. Do what you like with him.' I would be prepared to bet my shirt that old Denman won't shout for the police, but that he'll snarl: 'Get him out of sight, quick, you blockheaded old fool!'"

"I see your point," I said. There was a thumping in my chest. "It looks to me about a fifty-fifty chance. Do you think Dennis realizes it?"

"Not for a second," Raffles said. "He's obsessed. He's got this thing fixed in his head that his father, just once, must lead ten sons on to the field—then hand him over. He sees it as the end for himself, but, by heaven, it may be a new beginning! At least, it *would* be an even chance, but for——"

He nodded to the window and the two Yard men oblivious in the train.

"They'll pick him up," I said, "if he walks on to that field!"

"I know it," said Raffles. "And in his obsessed determination to make the gesture, there's not a hope of our talking him out of it. But he has his sister's forgiveness—we saw that. And if tomorrow he should have old Denman's—you follow me? The forgiveness of the girl who loved Bob, the forgiveness of Bob's father! He'll never be happy, but, if he could be got out of England, he'd have at least some hope, this time, of working out a kind of salvation for himself. Better than swinging, or rotting in Dartmoor!"

"What's the use of talking?" I said. "If you're right about Kortright and Ellis, they'll *be* on that field tomorrow! Where's Dennis's even chance?"

"We're going to give it to him," Raffles said. An icy vivacity danced in his eyes. "By a diversionary action that'll keep Kortright and Ellis away from the cricket ground for at least the first hour or two of the match."

My scalp tingled. "What do you mean—diversionary action?"

"Robbery!"

"But of what?"

"Of the golden nymphs of Sir Gregory Markis!" said A. J. Raffles.

As he spoke, the guard's whistle shrilled. We clapped down our tankards on the windowsill. Sprinting across the platform, we flung ourselves back into our compartment just as the train began to move.

What might have passed between Jane and Dennis Furney in our absence I had no idea; and I heard precious little of what few words were spoken between then and the time of the train's arrival at the small market town which was the station for Falloak. My mind was racing with this conception of Raffles's—diversionary action.

John, who had sent Raffles the wire, and Peter, another Furney brother, met the train. They had a dogcart waiting for us. They were big chaps, with the same rough kind of sandy hair as Dennis, but no beards.

We were a silent party in the dogcart. White dust smoked up under the trotting hoofs of the sturdy cob between the shafts. John was driving. Both he and Peter seemed stunned by Dennis's arrival. They, and Jane, too, and Dennis himself, no doubt were haunted by the thought of what their father was going to say—or do.

IT was a nightmare ride, though honeysuckle breathed its fragrance from the hedgerows and the sky ahead was luminous with sunset and seemed the more vast for the presence of the sea, glimpsed now and then away to our left. We passed a long, high wall of red brick in which was set a pair of lofty wrought-iron gates between stone pillars surmounted by griffins. I felt Raffles's elbow in my side. It was the house of Sir Gregory Markis.

Presently, there rose up, dark against the fading radiance of the sky, the furze-grown hump of a cliff-top—the cliff, I guessed, that had played so tragic a part in the lives of the Furneys and the Denmans. The dogcart, swinging to the right, passed through a gateway, with a five-barred gate standing open, on to a rutted farm track. Fields of rustling corn either side gave way to an orchard on the right and a pretty little cricket ground on the left. There was a sizable thatched pavilion with a veranda; in the dusk, a sight-screen glimmered white, and half a dozen big chaps—Furney brothers—were lugging a roller up and down the wicket.

From the lawn-like terraces, between which the ground was sunk, came now and then the strident cry of a peacock. Bats were hawking above our heads as the dogcart came to a standstill before a rambling, old, grey stone house overlooking the cricket ground. We got out. I saw Jane look steadily at Dennis, then she took his hand and they went into the house together.

"I'll put the horse up," John Furney said awkwardly.

Raffles dumped his cricket bag on the gravel. "We'll come and help."

In the evening cool, we dawdled in the stables. No one wanted to go into the house. When at last we had to, it was filled with a hush which, I fancied, was not usual in that home.

UPON dinner, too, there was a hush. Jane did not appear; she was with her mother, who had been deeply affected by Dennis's return. We sat down without old Furney, either, and without Dennis. There were just Raffles and myself, and the other Furney brothers—who ranged from seventeen to thirty-five—and the nice, wholesome-looking wives of the two or three of them who were married.

In the awful silences that kept falling during the meal, the murmuring voices of old Furney and Dennis were audible from a nearby room. As though fearful of the sound, somebody or other would make a hasty attempt at conversation; but it soon would wither and that fateful murmuring become audible again—until suddenly, towards the end of dinner, it ceased.

We all were aware of it. And round the table, lit by candles in sconces of the solid old Furney silver, we exchanged glances. No one spoke. Footsteps approached across the parquet floor of the hall. Slowly, the door opened. Old Furney came in. He was tall, gaunt; his broad shoulders stooped. His muttonchop whiskers and bristly hair were grey; his hard-angled, mahogany face looked drawn. We men had risen instinctively. His faded blue eyes travelled over us grimly. Dennis stood behind him in the doorway. Old Furney singled out Raffles and moved towards him, offering his hand.

"Mr. Raffles? I owe you an apology," he said. "I have a request to make that I find awkward in view of the journey you've made—a request that, if you grant it, will mean you won't get a knock tomorrow, nor bowl, though you will be called upon to substitute in the field."

"Twelfth man, sir?" Raffles said.

"Twelfth man," said old Furney, his voice harsh.

"Certainly," said Raffles.

Then I knew what was going to happen tomorrow. I knew that Dennis Furney had forced his father's agreement, and that tomorrow, for the first and last time in his life, Matthew Furney, Esq., of Falloak, would lead on to his little cricket ground a team of his own ten sons.

Meantime, there remained tonight.

The little cricket ground lay peaceful in the moon-glimmer when Raffles and myself, hugging the tree-shadow, walked swiftly and silently past it at a little before eleven thirty.

A half-hour of fast walking brought us to the high wall surrounding the Markis estate. We tied dark handkerchiefs over our faces. I gave Raffles a shoulder. He pulled himself to the top of the wall, reached down a hand to me. We dropped silently to the ground on the other side. The soft air of the summer night was scented with roses. The little ground-owls were calling. Before us, mysterious in the moonlight, stretched formal gardens of sunk flagstoned paths, sculptured figures in white marble, black yews tortured by clippers into the likenesses of heraldic beasts. a Venus de

Consider your verdict

by

RUSSELL SCOTT, LL.B.

MR. TWIGG had a fine garden and spent most of his time working in it. His next-door neighbour, Mr. Birch, on the other hand, hated gardening. Years before, Birch had tried unsuccessfully to cultivate his plot, but had done nothing to it since.

His attitude irritated Twigg, who felt that the untidiness of Birch's land spoilt the appearance of his own garden. Matters came to a head during the summer, when Birch's plot sprouted a crop of nettles which spread to Twigg's lawn. Nettles had been eradicated from the area years before, and their reappearance was obviously due to Birch's neglect.

"Your nettles are ruining my garden," complained Twigg. "I have been put to the expense of re-laying my lawn, and now I have to dig up my borders."

"That's your affair—it doesn't concern me," shrugged Birch.

"It's your affair, too," Twigg retorted. "I can't prevent you from neglecting your garden, but when you permit harmful weeds like these to grow in it, and then allow your neighbours to suffer damage from them, it's a different matter."

Birch took no notice, so Twigg sued him, claiming an injunction to force him to clear the nettles, and damages for nuisance.

"Birch dug his garden years ago," Twigg told the judge. "By this activity, and his later neglect, he allowed the nettles to grow. At the very least he should be forced to get rid of them and prevent them from spreading and causing damage."

"My garden is my own property," replied Birch. "I didn't bring the nettles to it—they grew up naturally. I am not liable if they spread."

What is your verdict? For the legal position, turn to page 28

Numbers

Two million 'squiggles' a day on Cadburys Milk Tray

It looks rather difficult, but practice makes it easy to put the right 'squiggles' on the right chocolates in Cadburys Milk Tray assortment. Because of the different kinds of 'squiggles' needed, this is one of the processes where machines have to give way to human skill at Cadbury's famous Factory in a Garden. And relaxation is close at hand at the end of the day — a book on the terrace, a dip in the swimming pool or a stroll through the gardens.

SUGAR THAT LOOKS LIKE SILK. A set of revolving steel arms pulls and spins a rope of sugar to the right consistency for the popular Milk Tray centre known as Cushion.

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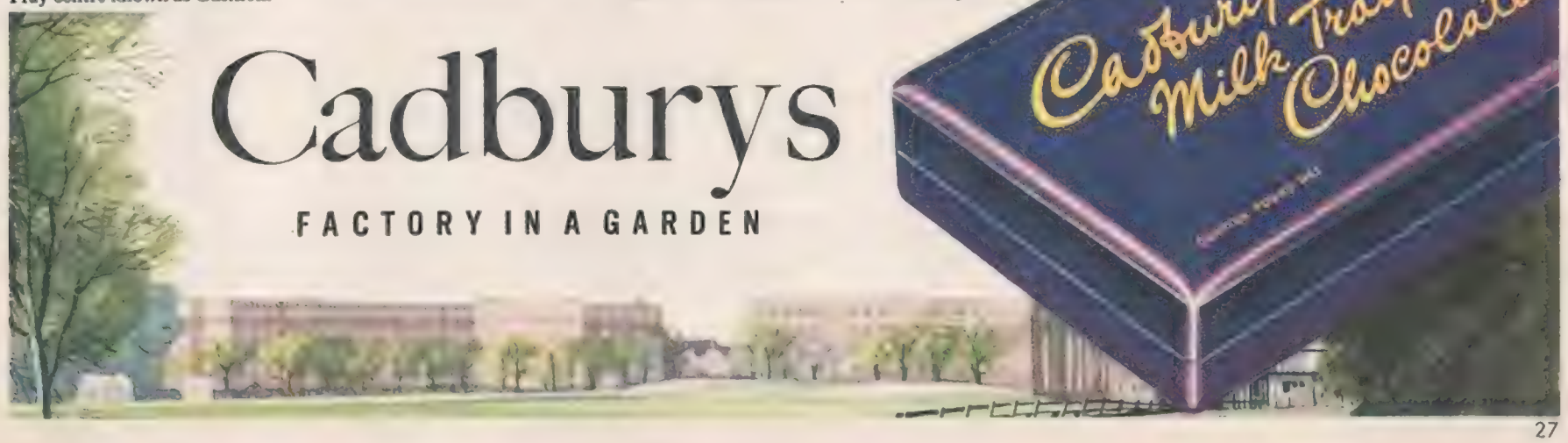

Cadburys

FACTORY IN A GARDEN

THE BOY STOOD ON THE BURNING BEACH!

The first day of our holiday was a scorcher! We'd been preparing ourselves with NIVEA, and were all ready for the sun. Young Jimmy was full of excitement—until he got to the beach. There was no sign of any other children! We couldn't understand it.

Back at the hotel we soon found the answer. "We didn't dare keep the children out in that blazing sun," said one parent and then another joined in... "the children just won't stay under cover."

"But you don't have to keep them indoors" said Pam, "when there's NIVEA to protect the skin. Use it night and morning. The Eucerite in NIVEA combines with the natural oil of the skin... protects you from within".

"Like reinforcing the heel of a sock", said Mrs. T., looking up from her knitting. "Better," said Pam. "Before the burning rays have had a chance to penetrate, your skin has been conditioned to resist them." Needless to say, Jimmy had lots of playmates on the beach next day.

NIVEA CREME
Replaces nature's precious oils lost in the sun, wind and strong sea air. 1/4 and 2/3

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NIVEA SKIN OIL .... Popular size 2/3

NIVEA SUNFILTA
Promotes a healthy golden tan—quickly! A non-greasy cream containing a special anti-burn filter. Tubes 2/3

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NIVEA SUNNING OIL Popular size 5/2

skin needs **NIVEA**

NIVEA contains Eucerite, a unique ingredient to replace the natural protective oils of the skin GN232

Milo, we studied the façade of the house, with its dark, tall windows looking out on to a broad terrace.

"Pity we hadn't a chance to case the crib," Raffles muttered. "If we can pull this off, get away with those six gold coins, they're of such importance that it's long odds the local police, knowing two Yard men are handy, will call them in. So long as Kortright and Ellis aren't present at the start of the match tomorrow, Dennis'll have his fifty-fifty chance. Well, we can but try it, Bunny. Come on, old lad!"

With swift caution, we crossed the gardens, mounted to the terrace. Raffles climbed to the broad sill of one of the lofty windows. My heart thumped with a slow, heavy beat. My eyes, above the masking handkerchief, watchfully roved the gardens.

Raffles had only a pocket-knife to work with, but he was a craftsman. I heard no sound from him. It was the light touch of his hand on my shoulder that told me he had the window open. I turned. A shadow on the sill above me, he motioned me to follow—and stepped down into the room.

In a moment, I was at his side. All was still as we stood for a moment listening. The curtains of the tall windows were looped back, and faintly I could make out the shapes of massive furniture, the crystals of pendant chandeliers.

RAFFLES put his lips close to my ear. "A drawing-room. More likely to find his safe or showcases in a library or study."

I nodded. As unerringly as if he could see in the dark, he moved forward. I followed closely, till his hand reached back to stay me. We had come to double-leaf doors, one leaf standing half open. And I saw why Raffles had paused. Before us, across the dark space of what evidently was a hall, a line of light showed under a door. I heard voices.

In the same moment, another light—faint, reddish, flickering—appeared. Raffles drew back slightly, peering upward. A candle had come into view, up on a gallery-landing. The candle was in a candlestick held in the hand of a man. With his other hand, he shielded the flame as he leaned forward over the banister, as though listening. The light flickered on his face—the narrow, tightlipped face I had seen in the magazine photograph, Sir Gregory Markis.

After a moment, he moved. His dressing-gowned figure passed from view briefly, then reappeared on our level, crossing the hall quickly and quietly to the door beneath which light showed. He stood there, quite still, holding the candlestick, his head cocked. His free hand went slowly to the door-knob. Suddenly, he turned it, flung the door wide. Two young men at a table in the lamplit room sprang to their feet.

"Walter," Sir Gregory said peremptorily, "who is this fellow?"

One of the young men—he held a sheet of notepaper in his hand—said: "Father, I beg you to leave us. This matter——"

"Answer my question!"

"Very well," Walter Markis said. "if you *must* have it. He's Bob Denman!" He shouted suddenly: "*Bob Denman!* Do you understand that? He landed at Plymouth today. He reached this house at eleven this evening, but I had to keep him waiting in this room till you'd gone to bed so that I could talk to him privately. I hoped to spare you—but you leave me no choice. I'd better read you this document I've written for Bob."

"Read it," Sir Gregory said.

Walter Markis read, in a shaking voice: "'This is a truthful and voluntary confession. I witnessed the fight between Bob Denman and Dennis Furney from the deck of my yacht Sprite, in which I was sailing alone. I put in in search of Bob and picked him up half drowned and unconscious. I was, and am, deeply in love with Jane Furney. She had no use for anyone but Bob. Nobody had seen me pull him out of the sea, and the idea flashed into my mind that here was a chance to get Bob out of my way.

"'I put straight out to sea, with a good breeze. When he recovered consciousness, I told him that Dennis Furney had gone over the cliff with him, and was dead, and that if it became known that he, Bob, had survived, he would be charged with manslaughter, possibly murder. He had no idea of my feelings for Jane and, believing my story, thought that for her sake it would be better if he remained "dead," since he believed he had killed her brother. I landed Bob on the French coast, near Quimper, where I subsequently sent him money with which to make his way to South America.'"

Walter Markis glanced for a moment at his father, then read on quickly.

"'After more than two years, I succeeded in persuading Jane to become engaged to me. Gradually, however, I was forced to realize that it was an empty triumph, that she loved Bob and always would. When finally she broke our engagement, my feeling for her remained such that I determined to repair, at whatever cost to myself, the ruination I had brought to her happiness and that of so many others. I knew Bob's whereabouts. I wrote to him telling him that the situation had changed, and sending him a draft to finance his return to England. I asked him to come direct to me, first. On his arrival, I intend to hand him this document, for him to take such action upon as he may decide. I am sorry for the great harm I have done. Walter Markis.'"

The silence was electric. Sir Gregory was the first to speak. "Remain here," he said, and the shadows wheeled over the gallery landing as, carrying the candlestick, he moved to another room. Walter and Bob stood unmoving. Again the shadows wheeled, as the tall, lean, tight-lipped man reappeared. He put the candlestick on the hall table. "Come here!"

They moved to his side. The candlelight flickered over their faces.

"There's not much I can do, Denman," Sir Gregory said, "by way of compensation for my son's act." He set down upon the table a small, flat, oblong case, leather covered. "This is the most precious possession I have," he said. He opened the case. "There it is. You see? Take it, Denman. I give it to you freely."

Bob Denman reached out a hand. But what he took was the sheet of notepaper which Walter Markis still held. Bob held a corner of the paper to the candle flame.

"Jane's waited for me," he said, as the paper curled and blackened. "That knowledge is enough to wipe out the last three years, for me, sir. My story will be that I hit my head when I went over that cliff and that I remember nothing between then and about one hour from now, when I'm going to find myself walking up the drive to our home at Knightswade. Good night to you both."

HE strode from view. I heard the rattle of a doorbolt shot back, then the slam of the door. In the silence that followed, Sir Gregory's hard breathing was audible. He turned slowly to his son.

"I have," he said, "a thing or two to say to *you*! Come with me."

He walked into the room where the lamp burned. Walter followed him. His face was white. The door closed. On the hall table, the candle in the tall candlestick burned serenely.

Raffles moved swiftly, silently, to

Consider your verdict

IN the case on page 26, the judge said that there was nothing to show that Birch had brought the nettles to his land by his early gardening attempts. They were a natural growth of the soil, and he was under no duty to prevent things from coming naturally to his land, nor was he responsible for controlling them. Twigg's claim was dismissed.

"I know a very good place for real Italian food, but it's in Birmingham"

the hall table. I followed. We stood looking down at the open case. It was lined with blue velvet. On the velvet lay six golden coins, thin with the wear of centuries, and bearing, scarcely perceptible, the image of Arethusa, Nymph of the Springs.

The pounding in my chest stifled me. I glanced at Raffles. Above the handkerchief that masked his face, I saw the grey gleam of his eyes, fixed on the golden nymphs.

THE moment was one which would remain for ever stamped on my mind. It haunted me even in the blaze of the morning sunshine, as I stood by the side of the pavilion veranda on the little cricket ground of the Furney family. All down the farm track, to the five-barred gate, stood rows of traps, flys, gigs, dogcarts, wagonettes, governess carts, phaetons. More were arriving every minute. Nearest the house stood the big shooting-brake in which the Denman family, of Knightswade, had driven up about an hour ago.

All the sporting West Country was here. Never had the little cricket ground presented such a sight as it did today. The grassy terraces were brilliant with the parasols and bustled gowns of the ladies, the blazers and straw hats of the men. Out in the centre, fresh whitewash marked the popping crease, and the stumps cast slanting shadows across the emerald turf. The bails were on. The umpires were already at the wicket.

Raffles, as twelfth man, had changed into flannels. He lounged comfortably in a deck-chair. Standing beside him, I was expecting at every minute a summons co-opting me to the scorers' box.

In the strange hush which lay over the crowded terraces, one of the Furney peacocks, spreading its iridescent tail as it pecked the turf before the sight-screen, emitted a banshee scream. A bent old gran'fer stepped out to shoo it from the ground with his stick.

At that moment, a kind of sigh of expectancy seemed to rustle round the terraces. The gaunt, stooped, flannelled figure of old Matthew Furney, wearing a faded blue cricket cap, had appeared at the head of the pavilion steps. For a moment, he stood surveying the thronged terraces. Then, visibly squaring his shoulders, he walked slowly down the steps, out on to the field, and one by one his ten tall sons came sauntering after him.

The umpire tossed the ball to old Furney. In such a silence as I had never heard, old Furney, in turn, lobbed the ball to one of his sons, who was capless and clean shaven. Old Furney's voice was clearly audible, supremely casual.

"Open from the pavilion end, Dennis," he said.

Every person in the little ground must have heard it. And a sudden buzz of whispers swept sibilantly around the sweltering terraces. I heard a voice, a few steps from me, say with a slow, unbelieving wonder: "It's him! By heaven, it *is* him!"

I glanced round and, with a shock, recognized the big, hard-faced Inspector Kortright. Next to him stood Sergeant Ellis. There was no mistaking them, although today they had discarded their dark suits and hard hats for holiday attire. Raffles, rising from his chair, glanced round and saw them.

Sergeant Ellis said: "It *can't* be, sir! He wouldn't——"

"It's him, I tell you," said Kortright. Both men were staring at the capless figure on the field. Excitement clogged Kortright's voice. "It's the man, all right, Ellis! Dennis Furney! Wanted for murder!"

Raffles raised his voice. "Whose murder?" he asked.

Neither of the detectives even glanced at us; they had eyes only for the field. But Kortright said impatiently: "The murder of young Bob Denman!"

"You mean," said Raffles, in a bland tone, "that batsman who's just come down the pavilion steps?"

KORTRIGHT'S mouth fell open. Next second he was thrusting his way headlong through the crowd, elbowing his way in the direction of the pavilion, with Sergeant Ellis hastening after him.

"It's to be hoped," said Raffles, dropping back into the deck-chair, "that they don't have the bad taste to delay the opening overs with their fatuous investigations. What a pity we couldn't have pursued our plan to provide them with something worth while to investigate! Never again in our lives, probably, shall we have such swag there for the taking as we had last night in Sir Gregory Markis's hall! Six golden nymphs. . . ."

He shook his head.

"You know, Bunny," he said, "there are times when it's ridiculously easy to be a burglar—and damned hard," he added, as he leaned back in the deck-chair, "to remember that one is, after all, a gentleman!" THE END

Turn to Macleans for real close-up confidence

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NOTE THIS: chlorophyll does not clean your teeth; it cleans your breath. How vital it is, then, to get a good, whitening tooth paste when you change to chlorophyll!

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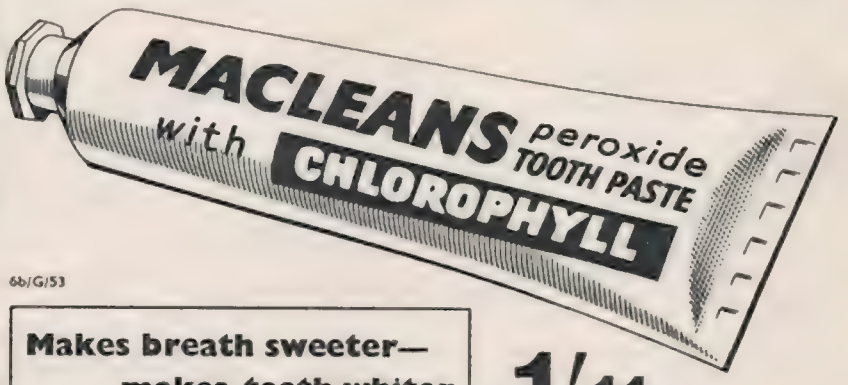

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Makes breath sweeter— makes teeth whiter

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...and this on our wedding eve

SOON the wedding bells would be ringing out for Jim and me. We were bustling around our future home, getting 'last-minute' things done. Then, in an awkward moment, I knocked a cup of coffee over my beautiful hand-embroidered pillow-cases. They were *drenched*. Tears of anger sprang to my eyes as I looked at those awful spreading coffee stains. My first thought was 'Weeks of careful work *ruined* in a second!'

No good crying over spilt coffee! The flat *had* to be spick and span before the wedding. So I pulled myself together, and went straight out to buy some washing powder.

WHAT EVERY YOUNG BRIDE SHOULD KNOW

'When you're married,' the grocer's wife told me, "you'll find washdays much easier if you stick to Surf. Surf is specially made for boiling whites. And it gets rid of troublesome stains, too. Here, you try some on those stained pillowcases."

Taking the hint, I ran over to mother's with the pillowcases. Into cold water and Surf they went. After we'd let them soak for thirty minutes we prepared a nice copper of fresh Surf suds. We dropped the pillowcases in, brought them to the boil for ten minutes. No longer.

A kiss from a husband-to-be! That was my reward when I showed him the pillowcases. They had come up like new—purest white—I made a solemn vow there and then. Surf's heading my grocery list every week. Then *everything* I wash will be spotless—for keeps!

***Why skip** from powder to powder? Surf not only makes a grand job of your boil; it washes overalls, work-stained dungarees, coloureds, woollens* — everything — *spotless!*

Surf boils spotless!

SUR 107-80

A *LEVER* PRODUCT

THE PLANTER'S LADY

Continued from page 9

few walks to the factory. This payment by weight——"

"It's Greenfinch's regulation," Beekman said. "Makes them work harder. Incentive, you know."

Sellars shouted, "But it breaks the tea, man! Bruises it. It's bad enough trying to produce tea from laurel leaves. But when they damage it as well!"

All the rest of that lunchtime, while the boys in their white cloths stood silently by, he raged at Beekman. Beekman sat there with his nostrils wide, saying, "Nobody's going to say anything against my coolies."

"And nobody's going to blame my factory."

"But that's what's doing it!"

"Hell's bells, it's your damned laurel leaves!"

Abruptly, they stopped talking at all to each other. For a week they communicated by signs, though several times Beekman said wistfully, "This isn't being very chummy, old chap." At mealtimes, the boys were instructed to put up reading racks. They screened themselves off by books.

Sellars noted down: "J. B. is now reading three novels a week." Sometimes, with a purposeful irony, Sellars read Browning's lyrics at the silent table. Browning was Sylvia's favourite poet.

THEN, one wet Saturday, his cold war with Beekman broke into active aggression. He had just come down from inspecting the withering lofts when he found Beekman standing beside a coolie at work on a rolling machine.

Immediately he shouted at him, "What the hell are you doing in here?"

"Just having a look round, old chap."

"You're spying, that's what you're doing!"

Beekman stood quite still. One of the things that was most irritating about him was his imperviousness. He had about as much capacity to feel anything as a granite wall. Things just bounced off him harmlessly, leaving that solid body unrocked on the two huge foundations of its flat feet.

"Get out!" Sellars was yelling now at the top of his voice above the whirring of the belts and the everlasting noise of the engine. "Get out—get out!"

He made a lunge at the collar of Beekman's dripping mackintosh. His hand was immediately gripped by a massive, horny fist. "Here, steady on, old chap." Beekman said the words quietly enough, but his nostrils were wide open, like caverns into his head. "If you want to speak to me, we'll go into the office."

When the door closed behind them, Beekman said, "Bloody silly thing to do in front of the coolies."

"You keep your side of the fence." Sellars had cooled down a little now. "And I'll keep to mine."

"You're ill. That's what's the trouble with you."

In a renewed fit of frenzy, Sellars shouted, "Get out—get out!"

Beekman turned. He said, in a way that was more puzzled than angry, "Can't understand Greenfingers thinking we were so much alike." Then, good-humouredly, almost soothingly, he added, "You're working too hard. That's what it is. Made you ill."

"Get out!" Sellars shouted back at him.

* * *

Sylvia's photograph was the only thing that kept him sane. Please stop me going crazy, he told the big eyes, the gently uptilted mouth. He even started ticking off the days before he could go back to Singapore and see her. Another forty to go. He counted them. So very many of them. He lay with the photograph close beside him on the bed, listening to the rain, the factory engine, the cawing of the crows.

The days crawled by. He counted them again and again as they passed, clinging to Sylvia's photograph as though it was a life-belt.

Then one afternoon, he came up from the factory and couldn't find the photograph. It was not behind the dressing-table mirror where he always kept it. It was not on the table beside his bed. Perhaps he had slipped it between the pages of the Browning poems. He looked for the book. That had gone, too.

". . . and while I think about it, when are you going to mow the lawn?"

In a panic, he ransacked the bungalow. It was that damned man always tidying up after him. It wasn't in the lounge. He was certain he hadn't taken it to the office.

In the end, he found the book in Beekman's room, lying open on the bed. Full of joy, past caring whether Beekman had guessed now about Sylvia, he picked it up, shook it. There was no photograph in the pages.

As soon as Beekman came in that evening, Sellars glowered at him. "You took my Browning."

"Found it in the lounge."

"You took it to your bedroom."

"I'm sorry, old chap. Just thought I'd look at it. 'Oh to be in England' and all that kind of thing. Hope you don't mind. Gets you that way sometimes."

Sellars said furiously, "You've no right to take my things."

"Come to that, you've no right in my room."

"If you steal my things."

"Oh, come off it, old chap."

"There was a photograph. It's gone." Sellars held out his hand peremptorily. "Give it me back."

"There wasn't a photograph."

"There was . . . there was!"

"Never saw it."

"I don't believe you. I tell you, there *was* a photograph. Please give it to me." His voice had shrilled to a high whine.

"Only wish I could."

SELLARS could not sleep that night. He stared at the ceiling through the faint swaying of the mosquito net. He felt suddenly deprived of all the power that kept him going in this hateful, steamy, isolated hell.

Purposely, next morning, he waited till Beekman had gone before he left his room. Then he crept once more into Beekman's room. He knew the photograph was there. And he'd damned well find it.

He went through all the drawers. He tried the two suitcases, the wardrobe. Systematically, he searched the pockets of the suits that hung empty on the hangers. It was an odd afterthought that led him to the dressing-table. He put his fingers in the same sort of crack between the wood and the glass that there was in his own mirror. They rubbed against something hard, thin as a knife.

He worked it slowly up, and pulled the photograph out in triumph, and looked once more with an immense feeling of blessed relief at the sweet smile he saw there. He turned up the edge of the mounting to look at her handwriting. There it was, very neat, very upright, the letters looking like little flowers on a horizontal stalk. He read: "*For my own strong John, remembering.*"

The words hit him hard between the eyes, stunning him. Hate ran over him like the sweat that was now pouring from his body. Not against Sylvia. Somehow, Sylvia lay detached from it all, veiled from his anger by the victim's halo around her. It was that man Beekman, pestering her in that relentless

I always take a back seat!
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH ME, ANN. I JUST SEEM TO BE A BRAKE ON JIM'S HAPPINESS THESE DAYS!
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way of his, paying his attentions, the slow eyes flitting over her beauty like verminous flies. The image of those woodchopper's hands gripping her soft skin tormented his mind.

Back in the lounge, hardly conscious of his body, mesmerized by the photograph, he poured out a stiff whisky and tossed it back. He helped himself to another and then a third. The pain of his thoughts took all power of movement out of his legs. He slumped in the cane-backed chair, drinking the whisky neat.

Not knowing it, he kicked again and again at the edge of the matting, till a harder kick than usual sent the corner curling back. He looked down. Dully, he saw the second photograph staring at him from the grime of the stone floor. He bent down, and picked it up. Carefully, he blew off the dust. Then he put the two pictures of Sylvia side by side.

The four eyes gazed innocently up at him. The two mouths were still gentle, still compassionate. As he watched them, the photographs merged together, giving an extra stereoscopic depth that made the flat face rounded, suddenly alive and human.

The boy shuffled in to lay the table for him at noon. Beekman would not be returning for the meal. He had taken sandwiches with him.

"No lunch," Sellars shouted. "Nothing. Leave me alone, boy."

All that afternoon, as the rain came down, he sat there in a stupor, drinking the whisky, his thoughts drumming louder, clanging against his skull harder than the rain on the tin roof.

Beekman came in, wet through, at five. "You look white as a ghost, old chap," he said. "Anything the matter?"

Sellar's bloodshot eyes glared back at him.

"Reckon you're ill, old chap." The words were said with sympathy, but they did not prevent Beekman doing everything precisely to his programme. He went into his room to change. Sellars heard him whistling. Dead on the dot of five thirty, he had his first whisky. He drank it in silence, shooting one or two concerned glances at Sellars's sweating face.

Then he said, "How about me driving you down to the doctor at Kajong?"

"No."

"Sensible thing to do. Don't think you've been fit ever since you came."

"I'm all right, I tell you."

Beekman shrugged his big shoulders. Then he looked at his watch. "Time for Evangeline," he said. Just as he always did, he picked up the gun, and, walking out of the lounge, turned right towards the jungle at the bottom of the garden. Sellars sat there, waiting to count the fifteen shots.

Then suddenly the agony of irritation and hate against Beekman boiled over and spilled inside him. He knew he could not bear to hear those regular fifteen shots at the buzzards. He ached to get his hands on that huge stone-built frame to squeeze what little sense there was right out of it. He leaped up, banging like a blind man against the furniture as he stumbled towards the door.

Outside, he ran. Beekman was walking across the grass slowly, turning every so often to look at a flower or two he'd given the garden coolie to plant. He was just bending over some bright yellow cannas, the gun in the crook of his arm, when Sellars flung himself on top of him, taking the tough neck in his thin fingers.

Beekman turned, grunted and tried to get his hands over the rope-like wrists. His lips twisted with pain. The gun dropped softly on to the grass beside them. Sellars let go of Beekman and grabbed it. Immediately the other man was on him, trying to pinion his arms behind him. The two of them rolled over on the ground, Sellars kicking viciously back with his legs, hugging the gun to him with a fierce possessiveness.

Locked together, they crashed against the bushes, sending grapefruit into a quivering shaky dance on their stems. Sellars managed to wrench himself free. With a fearful effort against the strength of Beekman's hands on the barrel, he got the gun horizontal and twisted his fingers round the trigger. The buzzards flapped a little farther away at the noise. The gun chattered, an uncounted number of shots. . . .

The rain came softly down on the stillness of the darkening garden. The *chup-chup-chup* from the factory went on as it always did, as the engine heat-withered the tea.

The boy, having called many times for dinner and finding nobody, came into the garden where he had seen Beekman last. He groped his way beside the wet bushes, avoiding the thorns of the small roses. In the darkness, he saw the two of them lying there, half way through the barbed wire that sprawled uncoiled round the edge of the lawn.

The head *kangany* drove in the station-wagon to send the telegram from Kajong. As soon as Greenfinch got it, he let all other work hang fire. Bringing his wife with him, he drove up immediately, hardly pausing for anything to eat, driving through the night and the next day.

Outside the bungalow, he alone got out of the car. The head *kangany* waited respectfully to greet him at the veranda steps, together with the Kajong doctor.

Greenfinch was a plump little man with a mild face that ran into a scrub of grey hair, cut short. He walked the few paces slowly, taking everything in, the forlorn wire, the fruit bushes bruised and broken where Sellars and Beekman had fought.

"Terrible business," he said. "Terrible." His crisp voice echoed round the lonely little bungalow, the damp green garden, over the hedge to the jungle and the tea bushes. "Can't understand it. They were such nice boys. Had everything. Health. Good education. Excellent upbringing." The sharp eyes turned and glittered at the woman's face in the car, frozen and still as an alabaster effigy on the top of a tomb. "And so much in common." THE END

NIGHTMARE IN COPENHAGEN

Continued from page 23

abruptly, as though aware only now that what she had said meant resigning herself to her brother's death.

Severin groped around in the deep, bulging pockets of his coat. "I've brought a map," he said. "The demarcation line runs seven miles from the shore. We have to break through the East German patrol boats. We must be away well before dawn. If we don't go tonight we can just forget about it."

Severin was right. They had only this night. Once dawn broke, their last chance was gone. Staring at Severin, Richard asked himself once more if his enemies had sent him. At this moment they would not dare to make a second attempt on his life in this country, but if they could lure him into their own camp. . . .

"What do you propose?" he asked.

"To go to Gedser," said Severin, "as quickly as we can. There's a man willing to take us across."

"But you just said you'd had no time to make preparations."

Severin smiled. "Only the most necessary ones," he said.

THEY were at sea, running before the wind. The cutter they had found waiting for them in Gedser was a twenty-five tón boat with a hundred horsepower diesel engine.

Like Mogens's boat, it had a covered wheelhouse aft and a cabin with four bunks for'ard. And the man who owned it seemed as competent as Mogens, but he was of small build, dark-skinned and silent. He never spoke a word to any of them, but he seemed glad Mogens had come along to give a hand

The moment they had boarded the boat, Severin seemed strangely in full command of everything.

"If the wind holds," he said, "we should make it in about two hours and a half. There's no point in your hanging around on deck, Parker. You'd better go and snatch some sleep."

But Richard had not been able to sleep. He watched Helga, sitting opposite him. Dressed in slacks now and a polo-neck sweater, a stocking cap hiding her lovely hair, she looked more like a boy than a girl.

"I should never have let you come."

She smiled at him. "Nothing could have stopped me." She held out her hand. "What good would life be to me without you?"

He shook his head. He no longer could understand why he had not insisted on her staying at the farm. But there had been no time for discussion. They had left immediately.

It was midnight now. The tension was almost unbearable. Richard rose. "Let's take a look outside."

It was dark. They almost tripped over the two kayaks which were lying over the closed hatch of the hold. For the first sixteen miles, the cutter had made good time with a fresh breeze from the north-west, but as Richard and Helga came up to Mogens they saw him trimming the mainsheet.

"Wind slackening off," he said, and laughed, pointing at the name on his jersey. "Haifisch I, we are. Shark's a fitting name for this, don't you think?" He laughed again; not laughter that was forced to ease his tension, but the deep laughter of contentment. *Bored with peace,* thought Richard. *A daredevil. Mogens is enjoying this.*

They entered the wheelhouse. Severin sat on the bunk reserved for the helmsman.

"Box office is the password," he was saying, "and don't trim your lights, whatever happens." He looked up, saw Richard and Helga, and frowned sharply in disapproval. "You should——" he said, and at this moment they were challenged. Richard and Helga dropped to the deck; Severin blinked in the blinding searchlight.

A Russian corvette lay ahead of them. And before anyone could say anything, Severin answered without hesitation, speaking in the foreign language as though it were his own.

The answer came. Richard couldn't understand it, but Severin nodded in his direction. "We can pass," he said. He turned to the man at the wheel. "Proceed to starboard, then dead ahead."

A chain of lights from the East German patrol boats fanned out to guard the German shore seven miles ahead of them, and only when, as ordered, they had moved through a gap between the boats did Richard dare to speak.

"I didn't know you spoke Russian."

"Picked it up," said Severin. "Aren't you speaking Danish?"

For the first time since Richard had met him, he saw the other man's eyes look gay, almost soft with happiness. Was it happiness that everything had gone better than he had hoped, or happiness that Helga, Mogens and Richard had followed him into the trap? Whatever it was, it was too late now to change anything. Then, suddenly, the silence was penetrated by a small, steady sound. The sound of drops. It had begun to rain.

Severin took a look at the glass. "Still falling," he said, with a sigh. He put his hand on Richard's arm. "Time to get ready." And to the man at the wheel: "If we're not back by four, four thirty at the latest, go. It's up to you not to wait longer than is necessary to get home safely."

Twenty-five minutes later, they dropped anchor, snubbed the cable and let the boat swing in the tide. Here, so close to the shore, there was almost no wind and they had no difficulty lowering the dinghy with the three men and the two kayaks. Severin was the first to get away, and then Mogens nearly upset the second kayak, which was already manned by Richard, as he climbed from the dinghy into the frail craft.

Steadying it, Richard stared through the darkness to where he supposed Helga was standing. *Oh, my darling,* he thought. Then they were away.

Paddling quickly and carefully, Mogens and Richard made little sound as they followed Severin, who had waited for them. The tide was with them. The rain fell heavier now, drenching their heads and shoulders and arms, while from the waist down their bodies were protected by the closed flaps.

Behind them they could see the lights of the German patrol boats dancing on the quiet sea; far to their left the strong flashes of a lighthouse; ahead of them parts of a dark forest, of beach and dunes, were lit at regular intervals by searchlights from watchtowers. But it was as Severin had said, there were dark pockets, and it was toward one of these that they headed.

HALF an hour later there came to them, through the quiet and dark and rain, voices of men. They stopped paddling, lowering themselves instinctively, their bodies tense, their ears straining, their hearts pounding. "Two men patrol the coast every thousand yards," Severin had told them. A shout now from him and an answering rifle shot would alarm not only the village but the boats behind them. And the cutter would no more be able to get away than Mogens and he.

They could not see Severin, only hear his voice, incredibly close, almost inaudible, the moment the guards had stopped talking. "Five minutes," he whispered, and in those five minutes they touched sand, shouldered their boats, ran across the beach and into the shelter of some low dunes. There they lay panting, listening for the guards to return, heard them come back, pass, go on. Severin tapped Richard on the shoulder.

At some time or other, on the boat, Severin had said that Mogens was to stay with the kayaks and wait while he and Richard went on alone. Mogens had tried to argue, but finally he had given in. Now, crouching between the dunes, then moving across a hard-trodden path on his stomach, Richard felt easier for the first time. If Severin had wanted to betray them he could have done so by now.

In front of him he heard Severin

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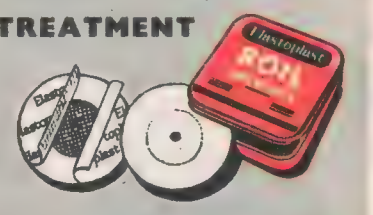

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stop. Simultaneously he heard the sharp bark of a dog. The next moment he felt a cold nose nuzzling the back of his head, the warm breath on his neck, and, after he had been sniffed all over, heard the dog run off.

They lay motionless, waiting, listening, then Severin moved on. A few minutes later he rose. Before them loomed the dark shape of a house.

Richard did not hear the two light taps on the window pane; he only heard the door being opened softly, a whisper, "Come in." A hand touched him, he was pulled into the house, and it seemed an eternity until a light was turned on and he could see where he was.

He was standing in a small kitchen, its only window as carefully shaded as if the owners had been told to get ready for an air raid. A girl, rather young and surprisingly lovely, handed him a bottle of brandy. But she didn't speak to him. She was addressing Severin. "You're late," she said. "You're quite terribly late."

Severin shrugged. "Did you get it? All I asked for?"

"I did. Wait here. I'll be back in a moment. I had to hide it. I didn't dare take it out before."

"I thought," said Richard, "that you had nothing prepared."

"Nothing is prepared," said Severin, taking a swallow from the bottle—"nothing, that is, which concerns Anders. All this . . ." and he made a vague, impatient gesture—"I have been planning my father's escape ever since I got away. That's why I kept in contact with people here and knew about the man who owns the cutter."

RICHARD understood suddenly the reason for the poverty of Severin's room in Copenhagen. Otto Severin had saved his money to make freedom possible for his old father. He was not only risking a dream, a goal he had set for himself, but his life and that of his father to help Anders Oersted.

Perhaps because Richard coloured deeply, Severin guessed what he had thought. "You didn't believe me," he said. "Well, I must say that for a man who didn't trust me, you showed quite a bit of courage."

There was a pause, and then Severin spoke again. "I might never have had the courage if you had not doubted me. I could not bear the thought that Anders might suspect me, too. I had to prove to him——" He lifted the bottle, tipped it back, swallowed and sighed. "I had to prove something to myself. Last night I lay awake thinking while you slept. Once you allow anyone to terrorize you, you will be terrorized all your life. Terror corrupts. Pretty soon you'll be terrorizing others. Then I made my choice. Life doesn't mean anything if you can't rid yourself of fear."

And Richard understood that in a way Severin was now committing the suicide he had planned. Then his mind returned to the danger facing them. "What about Anders? Have you any plans?"

"Yes," said Severin. Just then the door opened and the girl came in, carrying a bundle. She put it on the table for Severin to open. To his amazement, Richard saw two Russian uniforms, a major's and a sergeant's.

"The moment of surprise," said Severin. "It is all we have. And I was not even sure she could procure them."

He nodded at the girl, who withdrew, and then he stripped. He fingered the pockets of the blouse and nodded to himself as he pulled out an envelope and stuck it back in again. "I'll have to ask you not to speak, not a word, whatever happens."

"Of course not."

Richard looked at the frail, dark man dressed as a Russian major. Would he be able to go through with his part? Richard had seen him break down only last night; now he was putting their lives into the hands of a man he knew could lose his nerve.

They left as they had entered—through the back door—but this time they took a path running behind a row of houses. It was still raining, raining more heavily than when they had

"I walk by here every day or so. It's the only thing that gives me the courage to go on"

landed. Avoiding the patrolling Vopo, the People's Police, they crossed the main road.

The village lay behind them; to their left was the beach; to their right, between patches of fir, were the small hills formed by the dunes, on which a few single houses stood. They moved between these until, quite suddenly, the land was flat and they could see ahead of them the police building.

They came into the circle of light over the entrance door. For just one second Severin stood motionless; the next moment he was hammering on the door with the butt of his revolver.

Through the lighted, iron-barred windows, Richard saw a guard jump to attention. The door flew open. They stepped in, Severin speaking Russian angrily, noisily. The two men on duty, unable to understand a word, tried to speak, to ask a question, but Severin waved them aside, addressing them in German now, broken German with a heavy accent.

"Where is your captain? Damn it, where is he? Why isn't he here?"

"Sir," said the older guard, "Captain Muller is asleep. It is late——"

"Wake him!" yelled Severin, and while the man rushed up a staircase, swinging into what must formerly have been the entrance hall, Severin turned to the younger guard.

"The prisoner," he said. "Oersted. Bring him in."

"Impossible, sir. Orders are——"

Severin began to shout in Russian again.

Richard, as bidden, said not a word. He stood near the door, at a respectful distance from his major, telling himself it couldn't work.

STEPS were sounding on the floor above him. A grey-haired man, buckling his belt, appeared at the head of the stairs.

"Hurry up, Captain!" Severin told him angrily. "I haven't got all night!"

Police-captain Muller was saluting. His eyes were heavy with sleep, but a vein at his temple was hammering. He was, Richard saw, not only surprised but afraid.

Severin apparently saw it, too. "Your name?" he yelled. "Age? Where were you born? How long have you been in command of this station?" He turned to Richard, speaking in Russian; then addressed one of the guards, "Give my man pen and paper."

"Sir," said the captain, "if the major would be kind enough to——"

Severin did not let him finish. "Oersted," he said. "How long am I to wait for him? Do you think my colonel wants to sit up all night waiting to question him?"

"Question?" repeated the captain. "But he has been questioned already."

"Not by Colonel Mansky," said Severin. "I've got to get him to Ribnitz."

"I have no orders——"

"Orders?" said Severin, and reached into the pocket of his blouse. "There are your orders."

He threw the envelope on to the table. Richard, pretending to scribble something on the pad he had been handed, could see that the paper the captain was unfolding was stamped all over and written in Russian lettering. The German stared at it. Unable to understand it, he seemed not to know what to do—admit that he could not read the language or pretend he could.

Severin hammered with his fists on the table, so suddenly, so noisily that the captain almost dropped the envelope. He looked up at the angry face of Severin, then nodded slowly.

THERE was a moment when Richard felt the sweat pouring down his spine—the moment when Anders entered the room, as tall as Richard remembered him, carrying himself erect, his shoulders unbent, as though nothing, neither the idea of torture nor death, could destroy his dignity. But his broad, open face looked pale, a three days' growth of beard made his chin look less strong, his flaxen hair fell unkempt over his high, square forehead. And he blinked like a man whose eyes could not get used to the light.

Richard stared at those large grey eyes, and as he stared he saw the deadness go out of them. Stark, naked fear showed as they recognized slowly, unbelievingly, the two men in their Russian uniforms. He moved a step back, as though trying to withdraw voluntarily to his cell, as though he wanted to tell them to go now, when there was still perhaps time. But the guard who had fetched him pushed him forward. And Richard realized that the fear Oersted showed, the fear for their lives, was taken by the captain as fear of the Russians.

He never knew if it was Anders's horror that moved the policeman to pity or if, at this moment, when he was handing over his prisoner, some sense of his own authority returned to him.

"Sir," he said, "I have to ask you to wait. It will take only a few minutes, but I would like to telephone Ribnitz for confirmation of your——"

Severin turned on him. "What?" he yelled, pointing at Oersted. "No handcuffs? You dare to let an enemy of the people run around without handcuffs?"

The captain swallowed hard. "Handcuffs," he ordered, and the young guard pulled open a desk, took out a pair of handcuffs and walked up to Anders, who held out his hands.

"I assure you, sir," Captain Muller was stammering, "there was no need of handcuffs! We——"

"An enemy of the people!" repeated Severin. "You'll be on trial

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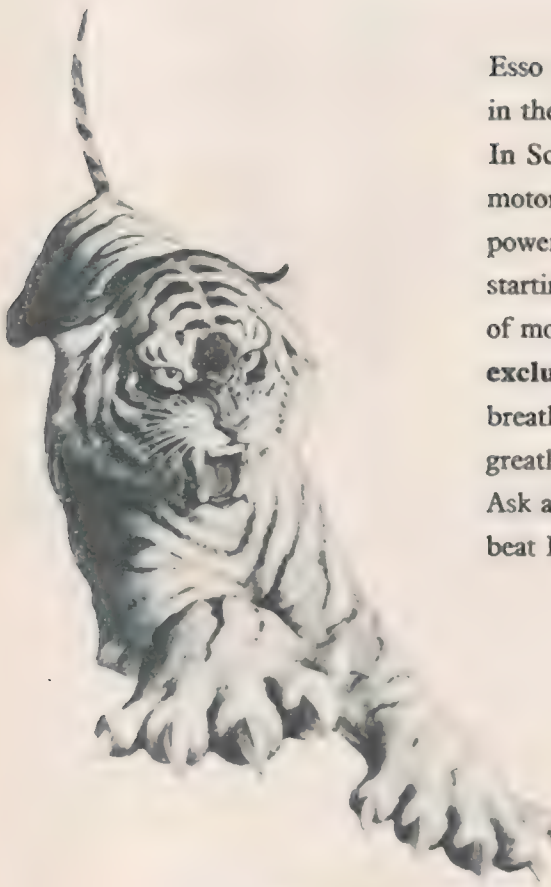

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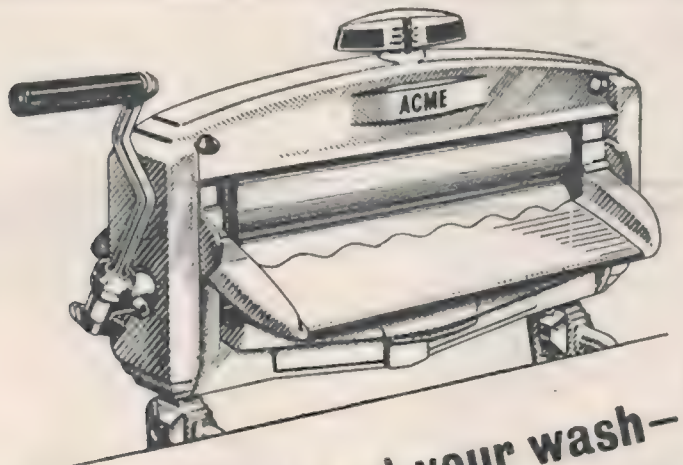

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for this!" He swung around, marched to the door; Anders fell in behind and Richard brought up the rear.

Then they were outside, marching down the main road, marching as long as they could be seen from the police station, their steps sounding through the night.

They reached complete darkness and Severin, unlocking Anders's handcuffs, said under his breath: "Cut across the beach. Keep to the left and run for it, but take off your boots first."

Like ghosts, they disappeared, neither knowing where the other was, running, stopping, crouching, each on his own. Then through the night came the ugly sound of a gull screeching. It stopped, came again. *Mogens*, thought Richard.

He was the first to reach the fisherman. He threw himself down on the cold, wet sand between the dunes. The faintest grey of dawn was creeping across the horizon. A few seconds later there was a tiny sound. Moving on his stomach, Anders joined them, and a minute later Severin's body stirred in the grass of the dunes.

Then Mogens whispered: "The patrol passes every five minutes. We can't get across the beach and into the boats and more than twenty yards away in that time. They'll see us and shoot. With dawn breaking, we need at least ten minutes to get out of sight. They——" He broke off. Close to them they could hear the voices of two men talking, complaining about the rain.

Then the voices faded and Mogens spoke again: "The next time they come, we'll have to do something about them."

Their faces were so close they could feel one another's breath.

"You and Anders take the boats and get to the water as soon as we've lured them away from the beach," said Richard. "Severin and I, in our uniforms, have a better chance to surprise them."

He and Severin moved a distance of about twenty feet away, to a point where the dunes formed another small, deep gap. There they hid in the tough grass. They didn't have to wait long until they heard once more the sound of voices. Richard lifted his head. They were sturdy young men. He put two fingers between his lips and made a strange whistling noise which might be human, but which also might be animal. The guards stopped, looked quickly around.

Richard could see them turn. They were coming in his direction, unslinging their rifles.

"Get their rifles," he whispered. "Don't let them fire. The rifles first."

They lay motionless and the steps drew closer, mounting the elevation of the dune.

They jumped at the same time. They jumped from the ground, like fish out of water, jumped at the rifles and knocked them out of the hands of the surprised men before they had a chance to lift them and aim. The next second they were a knot of four, fighting, straining bodies.

How long their fight lasted Richard did not know. He had bound and gagged his man and dragged him out of sight before he was even aware that Severin had been less lucky. Severin was lying on top of the man he had attacked, both hands around the guard's neck, trying to keep him from shouting, while the man was stabbing at Severin's back with a dagger.

A strange and terrible anger seized Richard, and he struck blindly at the German, hitting him again and again, even after the man had dropped the knife and offered no more resistance.

It was Severin who stopped him. "Don't lose any more time," he whispered. He was lying a few feet away, and around him the sand was no longer grey; it was red.

For a moment Richard stood motionless. Then he bent. "You'll make it," he said. "You'll make it all right." And as though his words were convincing, Severin tried to get up.

Half carrying, half leading him, Richard reached Mogens and Anders at the water line. They were in the kayaks and away, paddling rapidly until, after fifty yards, they could no longer see the shore, and they knew they could not be seen either through the fog and rain.

Nearly half an hour later, the cutter loomed up, dead ahead of them, and they scrambled aboard.

At four forty, with the wind abaft the beam, they slipped through the German patrol boats without being challenged.

They were in the cabin; Severin, bandaged, lying on the bunk, the others sitting across from him, close together, watching him. "I'm all right," Severin whispered. "Go on, Anders." His whisper carried a strange urgency, as though he realized his time was running out and didn't want to die before he knew exactly what had happened.

"There's nothing much to tell," said Anders. "I always trusted you, Otto. That I didn't mention the container or Richard's coming was merely because I did not want you to get involved should anything happen. Your situation as a refugee from the Eastern zone was precarious enough. But, of course, I told Larsen and Gabel—told them because I thought they might help in case something went wrong."

He paused, closing his eyes for a moment, and, with his eyes closed, his face looked incredibly sad. "I couldn't sleep the night after Mogens had brought me the container. That I couldn't analyse the stuff kept me awake. I thought I'd have another

Continued on page 39

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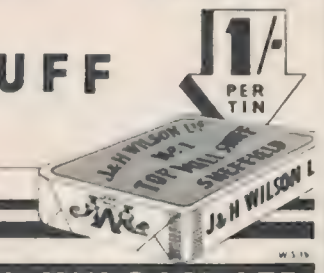

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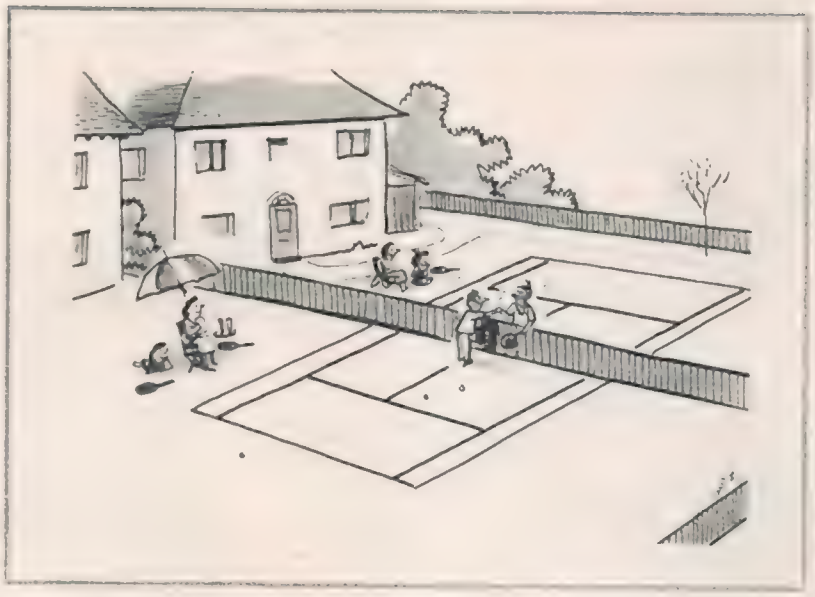
try before cabling Richard, but when I crossed the meadow I saw somebody run out of the lab. There was moonlight, yet I could not make out who it was, nor could I catch up with him. When I entered, I found it had been thoroughly searched. And, of course, I could only think that somebody must have heard of Mogens's catch. That's why I didn't call in the police, but decided to find out myself if anybody was after the explosive."

Anders sighed. The lines around his full, generous mouth seemed deeper than Richard remembered, like finely imbedded scars. "I knew about Frigga being empty, and rented it the morning after the burglary. From then on, instead of going to my office or working in the lab. on the farm, I went to Viken every day. Whoever followed me to Frigga could be interested only in the explosive."

His voice was almost inaudible for a moment, as though he did not want to speak about it.

"I didn't think at the time that the traitor might be one of my closest friends; rather that one of my friends might have given away my secret carelessly."

His voice rose. He was speaking impersonally now. "On the second day, I knew Frigga had been searched, for I found some of my things not as I had left them; but, of course, I had no idea by whom or on whose orders. I did notice a man hanging around whom I suspected of watching me. So I decided to set a trap. I chose the morning Richard was arriving, to make it look as if I had gone to Viken to fetch the container and take it to the Solskin works. That morning I



pretended to dig up something in the dunes. Then I went back to the house and waited. I didn't have to wait long. When I looked out of the window a few minutes later I saw a man I'd never seen before, right in front of the house. When I went to the other side, there was the man who had been watching me all along. I realized then how dangerous my situation was.

"I had drawn the map and written the note and posted it before I went to Frigga that morning, just in case something like this should happen, though I must confess I never thought I would be kidnapped. I thought I was going to discover who was after the explosive through the man who fell for my ruse. I went to my boat then, and they followed me in theirs. It was on the sea that they took me. I was helpless because they had drained the fuel from my tank."

"Did they hurt you?" Helga laid a hand on her brother's arm.

Anders smiled at her. "They questioned me that whole day and that whole night. Germans. Until the next afternoon. Then they stopped. Richard had arrived, and they knew he knew; and, of course, Larsen thought you could persuade him to surrender the container in exchange for me. Later they tried to make me sign a note they had composed. I refused, and finally they were satisfied with what I wrote. I don't know how to thank either of you. Richard, for finding out what I failed to discover, who was working for the Russians, and for understanding and for protecting the explosive. You, Otto, for——"

"Don't thank me," said Severin. "Unlike Richard, my motives were completely egoistic, endangering all of them—Helga and Parker and Mogens. If we had not been so lucky—so lucky" he repeated.

They left the cabin then—Helga and Richard and Mogens—leaving Anders and Otto Severin alone.

Now it was quite light. Richard put his arm around Helga's shoulders. In two hours or so they would be back in Denmark.

There are moments in life when nothing seems real, neither past nor present, and this was such a moment. Nothing of what had happened, from the second when he had first read in the paper of Anders Oersted's death, seemed in any way possible or true. Yet it was. But Richard only realized it when Helga turned in his arms, staring back in the direction of the German coast, then turned again and, looking ahead, said in a small, amazed voice: "I didn't think, Richard, that there was a future left for us—a future we could share."

THE END

"Nightmare In Copenhagen," by Martha Albrand, will be published in book form in September by Hodder & Stoughton, at 10s. 6d.

MITSINARI

Continued from page 17

his hut, pronouncing incantations over it. He then passes it on to another. These transferences can, in fact, multiply to such an extent that the later recipients do not even know the identity of the eventual victim.

But finally the fateful bamboo comes into the hands of the master sorcerer. After certain secret rites, he goes down one night to the bed of a torrent, lights a fire in a dry place, and throws the bamboo into the flames. In the heat the bamboo bursts open. At that instant the victim, wherever he may be, is supposed to fall dead.

I know of several occurrences in which an *éyé* was concerned. But I prefer not to speak about them, since I cannot give such exact and circumstantial details as I could do in the case of my challenge to the snake sorcerers, or of Isidoro Ain'u'Ku, the human cassowary. That does not alter the fact that I found those events highly disturbing.

Unbelievable, But . . .

But, surely, it is naïve, some will say, to believe in all these phantasmagoria. Well, in the first place, I do not believe in them. I am simply stating the facts about events which I either witnessed or took part in, and for which I merely demand a reasonable explanation. If one is provided, I will submit it to the most rigorous and searching test—for this is, after all, a highly serious matter. And if one is obliged to be cautious, if one must even treat such extraordinary manifestations with a fundamental scepticism, it remains a fact that in certain cases one is simply faced with the inexplicable.

Once, on the forest slopes of the Yaloghé valley, we were walking in file, three of our porters—strangers to the district—in front, then myself, behind me two other converts, and then the *curé*, Father Bachelier, plunged in grave meditation.

At a fork in the path, the porters took the left-hand track. Without hesitation, I turned into the one leading right. Why? I can give no explanation. Nevertheless, it was the first time I had entered that region. I had no idea of the direction we should be following, and I had at that time no experience of the jungle. It was as if I had been forced to take the right-hand track.

A moment later I heard the voices of the surprised natives calling me back, and then, above them, the voice of the *curé*: "Hey! Where are you off to? That path doesn't lead anywhere. We have to go to the left."

Towards The Unknown

I made no reply, but began to walk faster. The *curé*, meanwhile, continued to berate me loudly: "Have you gone crazy? I tell you we have to turn left. Do I know the way or don't I? You'll only get lost in the bush. Stop playing the fool, and come back."

But I still continued on my way towards the unknown, as if irresistibly impelled. At length he began to follow me, uneasy and still grumbling.

Suddenly I stopped. By the side of the track stood a small hut made of leaves, and built so low that it seemed to be hiding in the undergrowth. I went over, and raised a few of the leaves forming the roof.

Within, in the shadow, lying on a pile of branches, I could see an old Papuan, whose poor, naked body, wrinkled and filthy, looked like a skeleton. He raised red-rimmed eyes towards the small wedge of light I had thus created, and his toothless mouth shaped itself into the phantom of a smile.

"*Curé*!" I called. "Come and look at this!"

The *curé* arrived, sweating and indignant, his spectacles askew and his eyes flashing fire.

"Look there," I said to him.

He glanced quickly through the improvised fanlight. At once his anger vanished. "Well, really, this beats everything!" he exploded.

He crawled at once into the wretched little hut, bent over the old man, who was visibly dying, and heard him utter a few quavering sentences. After a moment or so he straightened up.

"This poor old chap comes from a village near Inaye, where we're going. They're still pagans. Just wait till I get hold of them!" The *curé's* nostrils quivered, and his eyes behind his spectacles glinted dangerously.

"But I don't understand. What's the old man doing here?" I asked.

"They carried him into the forest to die. He was becoming too much of a burden for his family in the village. He's already been here for at least four days, without food or attention. This hut was to be his grave. As soon as he saw me leaning over him, he said: 'I have been waiting for you. Baptize me, so that I may go to God our Father.' You realize, however, that he couldn't have heard of our arrival. No doubt he had heard something of God — he probably came to Inaye during one of my earlier visits there. Poor old fellow! He's clearly sincere. I tell you, the angels must have led us here!"

He looked me up and down disapprovingly, and added softly: "And to think they had to pick on you to do it! Still, that's their business." More briskly, he added: "Get everything ready so that we can baptize the old man. Meanwhile, I must give him the first and last instruction he'll ever get. He won't last long. Try to make a cup of beef tea to cheer him up a little before the end."

The *curé* once more crawled to the side of the old man, who grasped his hands in gentle, resigned affection. While I was busying myself with our packs of provisions, I could hear them murmuring together. To everything the *curé* said, the old man would reply: "Yes, I know. . . ." with a happy, radiant smile.

Old Peto—for so I had named him in honour of the prince of apostles—died less than a quarter of an hour later, in the *curé's* arms. . . .

An Urgent Message

On another occasion, the bush telegraph brought me a message from Mondo in the north, which said: "Herico, child of the missionary, is dying. He asks his Father to come at once."

Herico (the Fuyughé name for Henry) was a young man of about twenty. Educated at our "college" at Popole, he had shown brilliant promise. But he was the son of a leading chief, and once his studies were finished, he had to return to his village as heir presumptive.

I paused only long enough to put on my heavy boots, still covered with mud, and to collect the Sacrament for the Viaticum and the oil for giving Extreme Unction, and at once set off along the track.

In those days the village of Mondo was still almost entirely pagan. When I arrived, bathed in sweat, the central clearing was deserted. Then I saw a solitary old man, squatting on the platform in front of his house.

"Where is Herico?" I asked.

"Over there," he said sullenly, nodding towards a decrepit hut.

I walked over to the hut. But even before I crossed the threshold I thought I was going to faint: from the shadowy, silent interior came a frightful stench. Bracing myself, I called: "Herico, are you there?"

A feeble voice floated out from the depths of the wretched hovel. "Yes, *Babé*. I asked them to call you because I am dying. . . . I wanted to confess, and receive communion and the holy oil."

"Going to die? But what's the matter?"

"My leg has gone rotten. The people said that everyone would die because of the smell, and tomorrow they were going to carry me into the forest and leave me there. You know the customs of the 'true men.'"

Abandoned To Die

Indeed, I knew those customs well: when someone is suffering from a long and tiresome illness, or has grown old and enfeebled, and is thus no longer wanted, his relatives, egged on by the other villagers, have him killed, or else take him out into the bush and abandon him there. Sometimes he is left in a crude shelter, like old Peto was, and sometimes in a worn-out sleeping-net slung between two trees above a shallow trench.

Deprived of food and care, the unfortunate wretch dies in terrible solitude: his body soon decays and falls, together with the rotted net, into the trench. Later his bones are collected and brought back to the village, where a ceremony of mourning is enacted, with dances and feasting, to placate the spirit of the dead man.

I could scarcely breathe in the fetid atmosphere of the hut. Nevertheless, I said to the wretched Herico: "You are the son of an Outame, you yourself are a powerful chief. . . . How dare your people behave like this?"

Herico said nothing for a moment. Then: "I am also the son of the missionary. They wanted to practise all sorts of *menghes*"—magic rites—"over me. I refused. Then my uncle declared solemnly that I was a man

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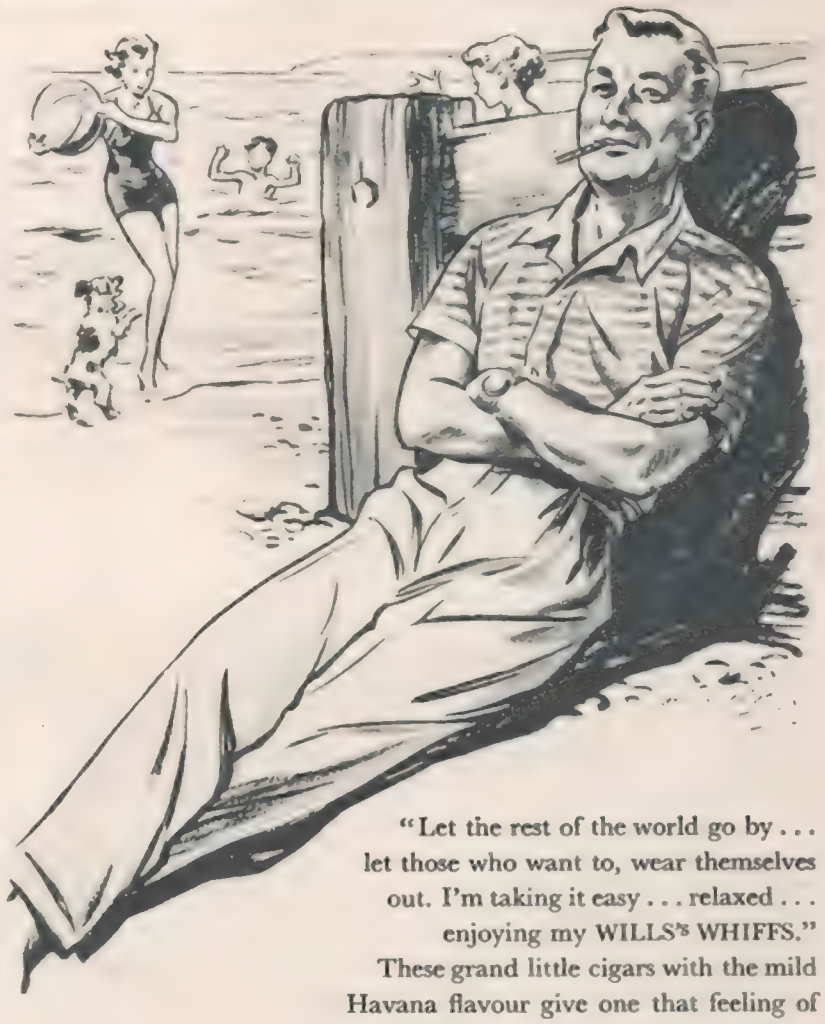

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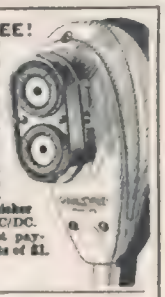

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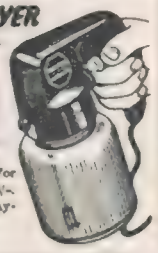

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of no worth. For the time being he is the head man, since my father died a long while ago. But he was supposed to give me my full rights as soon as I got married. Perhaps he wants me to die instead. It was he who persuaded the people to take me into the forest."

A feeling of nausea gripped me.

"Herico, my son, I am going outside for a moment. Your words have caused me great grief. I shall come back, and I shall give you communion. Prepare yourself for it."

I stepped outside. I was utterly overcome with a combination of fatigue, suffocation and rage.

The village looked as deserted as ever. But I had already noticed that the *Emone*, the communal hut, perched on its tall, slender piles, was full of people. They had doubtless awaited my arrival in the expectation that I would make a scene: which showed that, in spite of everything, their conscience was uneasy.

I took up a stand in front of the *Emone*: "Listen, the lot of you hiding in there! Have you no shame to talk of carrying the son of your Outame away into the forest to die? Have you forgotten the word of God that says you must not kill your fellow men?"

Threat To Fire Hut

No one stirred. The uncle must have bribed the sorcerers to get them on his side. The people were afraid.

"Herico will not be taken into the forest," I shouted. "I demand that eight strong men step out of the *Emone* this instant, and that they prepare a litter to take Herico to Fane. There I will look after him and, with God's help, will make him well again."

Still no one budged. I began to get angrier. "Listen, you sons of cockroaches. I am going to light a *matsitsi*"—match. "I shall count up to three. If, by the time I say 'three,' there are not three, plus three, plus two men out here in front of me, I shall set fire to the *Emone*!"

The threat was heroic—but futile. The supporting piles were far too damp to be set on fire with a match. Besides, I had not the slightest intention of carrying out my threat, and they knew that as well as I did. But that was the only way to act with those overgrown children; they could be swayed only by dramatic gestures, a carefully set scene.

I did not need to light my match, or even to complete the count. For scarcely had I said *gegedo* (two) than eight stalwart young men tumbled out into the clearing, smiling and eager, just as if nothing had happened.

"Get the litter ready quickly," I ordered. "We leave in a few minutes."

Holding a handkerchief over my nose, I went back to Herico, heard his confession and gave him communion.

"My heart is happy," he said. "Thank you for coming, *Babé*. Now I can die. . . ."

"There's no question of that, my son. You're coming back to Fane with me."

I can still see the whites of his eyes shining in that odious dark corner, raised towards me in astonishment and joy.

A Frightful Sight

Then we got him outside. He presented a frightful spectacle—like Job emerging from his dung heap. The poor boy was so thin that one could count each rib and vertebra; the skin hung in grey folds from his wasted arms and legs. But the most horrible sight was his left leg, swollen to enormous dimensions.

We placed Herico on the net litter and, three hours later, we arrived without mishap at Fane.

As it was already late, I put off examining his leg until the following day: but I gave instructions to Sister Jeanne, one of the mission's three native sisters, that she should immediately wash Herico's wasted body, using a brush if necessary, and give him a good, nourishing meal.

The next day I set about examining the leg. It proved to be a most horrible task. As Herico explained to me, he had fallen on some sharp object and had received a wide, deep cut. He had done nothing about it and, in a few days, the wound had become infected and enlarged. Thereupon, on the orders of his uncle and the sorcerer, his leg was bound up in tobacco leaves and a plaster of clay.

It was at this point that he had energetically refused to allow the sorcerer to utter incantations over him. The condition of the leg grew steadily worse.

"But, Herico, why didn't you ask someone to call me sooner?"

"I asked my uncle to, but he must have decided already that I should die. No one would listen to me. It was only when they were on the point of taking me into the forest that they agreed to send for you. Perhaps they were afraid that you would get to hear of their refusal."

"But they must have known that, if they sent for me, I would never let you be left to die alone in the forest."

"No, not necessarily. You see, those are our customs, and they didn't imagine that you would look at the question any differently."

Helped by Sister Jeanne, I began to cut away, with a knife and forceps, the plaster encasing Herico's leg. As each successive layer came away I felt more sickened; there was nothing but pus and decomposition. It took three long sessions, spread over two days, to clean the wound thoroughly. In the end the tibia was left completely bare, and the whole of the fibula could be seen. There was just one healthy muscle that remained attached to the fibula.

Miraculous Recovery

The only thing I had in the medicine chest was potassium permanganate, which I used diluted in boiled water to keep the wound clean. I left the results of the operation to God's grace.

Besides, I had to set off once more on my round of the villages. In my absence, Sister Jeanne continued the same rudimentary treatment, meanwhile building up the patient's strength.

This went on for nearly a year. And rarely had I seen such an admirable example of the miracles which nature performs. Little by little the muscles, nerves, blood vessels and flesh built themselves up afresh around the bones, and the leg which had once been almost entirely rotten from foot to knee became normal once more. All except for one detail, that is: the flesh would not grow back over the forward surface of the tibia. On either side of this area, perhaps eight inches long and three wide, the edges of the wound were perfectly healthy, but the bone itself presented a blackish appearance.

With improvised instruments I tried scraping the bone and experimenting with various grafts. But all to no effect. Herico was by now the picture of health, but he was still unable to get about, except by edging himself forward on his hind quarters, using his hands. It was in this way that he came to the church each day.

A decision had to be made. One day I said to him: "Herico, I think I will try taking the bad piece of bone from your leg. I believe it is the only way to heal it."

"Do as you think best, *Babé*."

His Surgeon's Tools

It took me two days to bring myself to face this operation. Herico lay down on the little lawn in front of the "presbytery." That was to be the operating table. For instruments, I had chosen a small carpenter's chisel, a pair of curved dental forceps, and a light hammer. Needless to say, there was no anaesthetic.

"Herico, I'm afraid this is going to hurt you a lot. You must think of the sufferings of your Father, Jesus, when He was nailed to the Cross, and try to join your suffering with His, so that your people may be converted and to redeem your sins and mine. Try not to move or cry out. Understand?"

"Yes, *Babé*," he replied calmly.

I asked Sister Jeanne to hold the patient's head to one side so that he would not see the operation, and also to look herself in that direction, which was towards the church. Then, placing the chisel against the bone, just below the knee, I gave it a sharp tap with the hammer. The diseased bone broke cleanly in two. Next I performed the same operation just above the ankle. I slid the head of the curved forceps into the wound, seized the piece of rotten bone and lifted it out. Triumphantly, I brandished it, still held in the forceps.

"Look, Sister Jeanne! I've got it."

Sister Jeanne took one look and fainted. Fortunately her fainting fit lasted no more than a moment. As for Herico, his eyes were wide and staring, and his face was grey. Drops of blood were trickling from his lower lip. He had bitten his lip until the blood came, to prevent himself moving or uttering a sound.

One more difficulty remained: from keeping his leg bent for so long, Herico's knee-joint had grown completely stiff and would no longer function. Some time later, when the wound was rapidly closing up, I simply grasped the knee and, with a brutality that ultimately proved beneficent, forced the articulation to start working again. Once again Herico bore the pain with heroic fortitude.

Four months later he accompanied me when I went to Yule for the annual retreat: the journey took six days and, of course, had to be made on foot. Today, almost twenty years later, Herico has a perfectly sound limb and can run like a hare.

[*This operation has been the subject of a number of letters between André Dupeyrat and the staff of Bichat Hospital in Paris. According to one of the doctors, it was quite possible that the two remaining pieces of healthy tibia—Father Dupeyrat broke the bone just under the knee and above the ankle—merged with the fibula as in a natural grafting, so that the fibula increased in such a way as to do its own job and that of the absent tibia. Another doctor asked Father Dupeyrat to send Herico's leg to the hospital for study when he is dead.*]

Maker Of Charms

As I tried to dispense medical attention in the village of Golopui, the cannibal, the people assumed that I was practising charms for my own benefit. This idea took deeper root when they saw me change pure water into a red dye as I was preparing an antiseptic dressing with a few grains of potassium permanganate.

Alas, I was soon in no position to dress anybody's sores. My little store of medical supplies, and all too often my medical knowledge as well, soon ran out. After a while I was reduced to using nothing but boiled water, accompanied by a few words of comfort. The results were better than one would have expected.

My friend, Golopoui, came to spend an hour or two with me every day. He was certainly welcome, for it was with him that I managed to make most progress in mastering his gutteral but musical tongue.

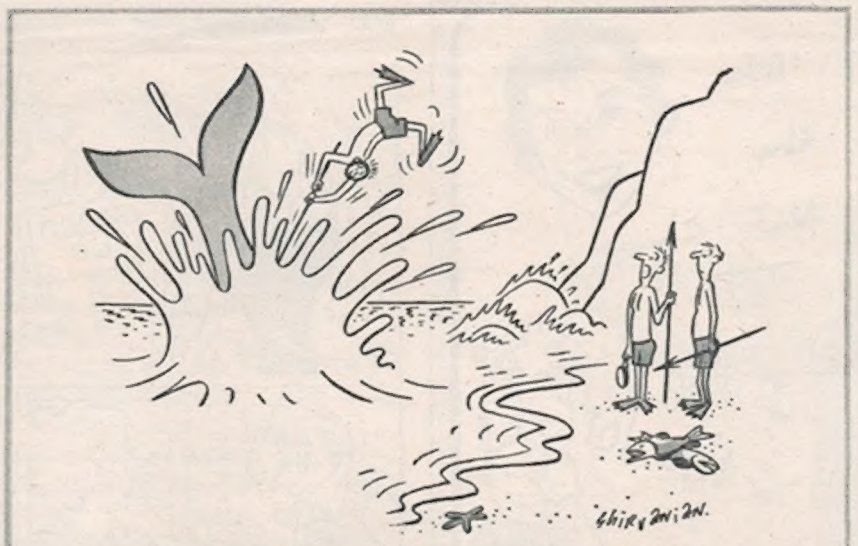
He was very quick at grasping what I wanted of him, which was not the case with my other informants. For instance, I would point to a pebble. He would tell me its name, which I took down phonetically in my notebook. Then I would point to my own nose, then to his, then the next man's. In this way I managed to collect a few pronouns.

The Cannibals' Day

My vocabulary grew, and I could already distinguish distinct words in the phrases which I heard, which up to then had been a series of unintelligible sounds, and to perceive their function and their grammatical relationships. Thus I was able to sketch out a rudimentary grammar.

I also joined in the ordinary, daily activities of the village. At crack of dawn everybody was up, shivering in the grey cold of the high mountain regions. The women cooked a few sweet potatoes for their husbands, their children and their pigs in the ashes of the family hearth. After this scanty breakfast, most of the tribe dispersed, either to the grassy slopes nearby, or to the forest where they had laid out their vegetable plots. The men, armed with spears, arrows and clubs, escorted the women, for there was always the fear of a sudden attack in a country where the law of the jungle still held.

Most of them would then go off in small groups, either to hunt, or to



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OH, JOHNNY! by TIM

collect lianas, wood, special leaves and other plants growing in the forest.

The women had nothing besides their hands or a pointed stick for gardening tools. Luckily, the soil of the virgin forest, as well as that of the grassy slopes, was rich in humus. They only had to scratch the surface of the soil and to plant a sweet potato shoot, or dig in a yam head, to be almost sure of some return. True, it was necessary to accompany the actual physical labour with a number of incantations, and to observe the prescribed taboos.

At about four in the afternoon, the different groups returned one by one, over tracks which a goat would have found difficult to negotiate. The men would then squat on the verandas in front of their houses, or gather at the communal hut. Here, in all serenity, they would chew betel-nut and smoke green tobacco in long bamboo pipes while exchanging the news of the day's events.

Those who had been hunting in the forest described all their feats in the greatest detail, like sportsmen the world over, and like them they always exaggerated their skill or their bad luck. Bad luck seemed to predominate, as they generally brought back nothing more than a few birds, or two or three opossums or flying squirrels. Sometimes they returned with a handful of fat white worms, which they had collected in the hollows of fallen tree-trunks. These were a delicacy, and everyone feasted on them.

The Evening Meal

Meanwhile, the women busied themselves round the fires in front of the huts, preparing the evening meal, the main one of the day. When the women had finished their sketchy preparations, they summoned husbands, children, pigs and dogs. Everyone crowded round the fire, and dug in the ashes for what he could find.

Their hunger more or less allayed, the men then returned to their chewing, their smoking and their gossip. Sometimes, the young men gathered in the village square, and leaped about to subtle rhythms with astonishing grace and co-ordination.

Thus it was that, little by little, I came to penetrate the mentality of these savages, and to become part and parcel of this primitive society. But I still had much to learn. . . .

One day Golopouï came to see me at an unusual hour. By his manner I could tell that he had something special to say to me. He left his bow and arrows at the door of my hut, signalled to me to come out, then taking me by the hand, led me to his own personal hut.

It was the first time I had been inside. Like all the other huts, it looked more like a large beehive than a small hut. He was the first to enter, wriggling through the narrow doorway rather like a worm sliding into its hole. I followed him on all fours.

The darkness inside was almost absolute, and the heaviness of the atmosphere oppressive, while its smell—compounded of soot, stale smoke, decay and squalor—was quite overpowering.

Golopouï was talking, but I barely heard him, wholly occupied as I was with trying to keep my balance on a floor of branches that shifted under my weight. Suddenly a flame shot upwards. The chief had lit an armful of leaves with an ember from the hearth. The sudden flare certainly lit up the hut, but also filled it with suffocating, blinding smoke.

Tale Of Two Skulls

One adapts oneself to everything, however, and I could soon distinguish Golopouï squatting in one corner of his lair in front of a big pile of dried and rustling leaves which he was sweeping aside with broad gestures. Gradually two skulls and human bones were uncovered, shiny and polished like ivory. From this funereal heap, distracted ants fled in columns.

"You see?" said the chief, turning to me. "You asked where my parents were the other night. They are here. That one is my father"—he pointed at one of the skulls with his big toe—"and that one is my mother."

I spoke his language sufficiently then to be able to ask him how his parents had died. Without the least embarrassment, Golopouï explained.

"They had got too old. You know what it's like. My father had become so feeble that he could no longer shake a spear. He had no teeth left, and he ate like a child. As for my mother, her skin had got as wrinkled as an old lizard's, and as black and flabby as the wing of a bat. She could no longer go to the vegetable garden. Her eyes were full of filth. It was then that I realized that their time had come."

"Golopouï, my friend, what do you mean?"

"Don't you know? I asked my friends from Ghivena to help. You know their village, on the other side of the mountain?"

"Yes, and what then?"

"Well, the people of Ghivena are my very closest friends. So I asked them for the favour which friends do for one another in such cases. They sent a delegation to invite my parents to a banquet at their village. On the way there, they brained them with clubs, strapped them on to a branch and took them back to their village. Then they cut them up, cooked them in a stone oven, and ate them. Afterwards, they washed and cleaned the bones and brought them back here.

"You can see what care I take of them. But then, I'm a dutiful son."

NEXT WEEK: The woman who cut off her finger—for spite

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2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to John Bull, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that result of this Contest (in "*Bullets*" *Bulletin* dated September 4 and in John Bull dated September 11), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, August 28, for early news of *Bullets* No. 1,949 result.)

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